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COLLECTOR

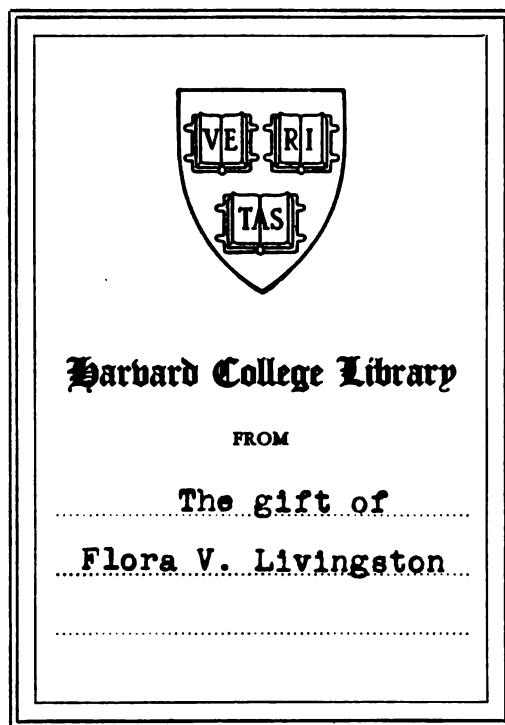


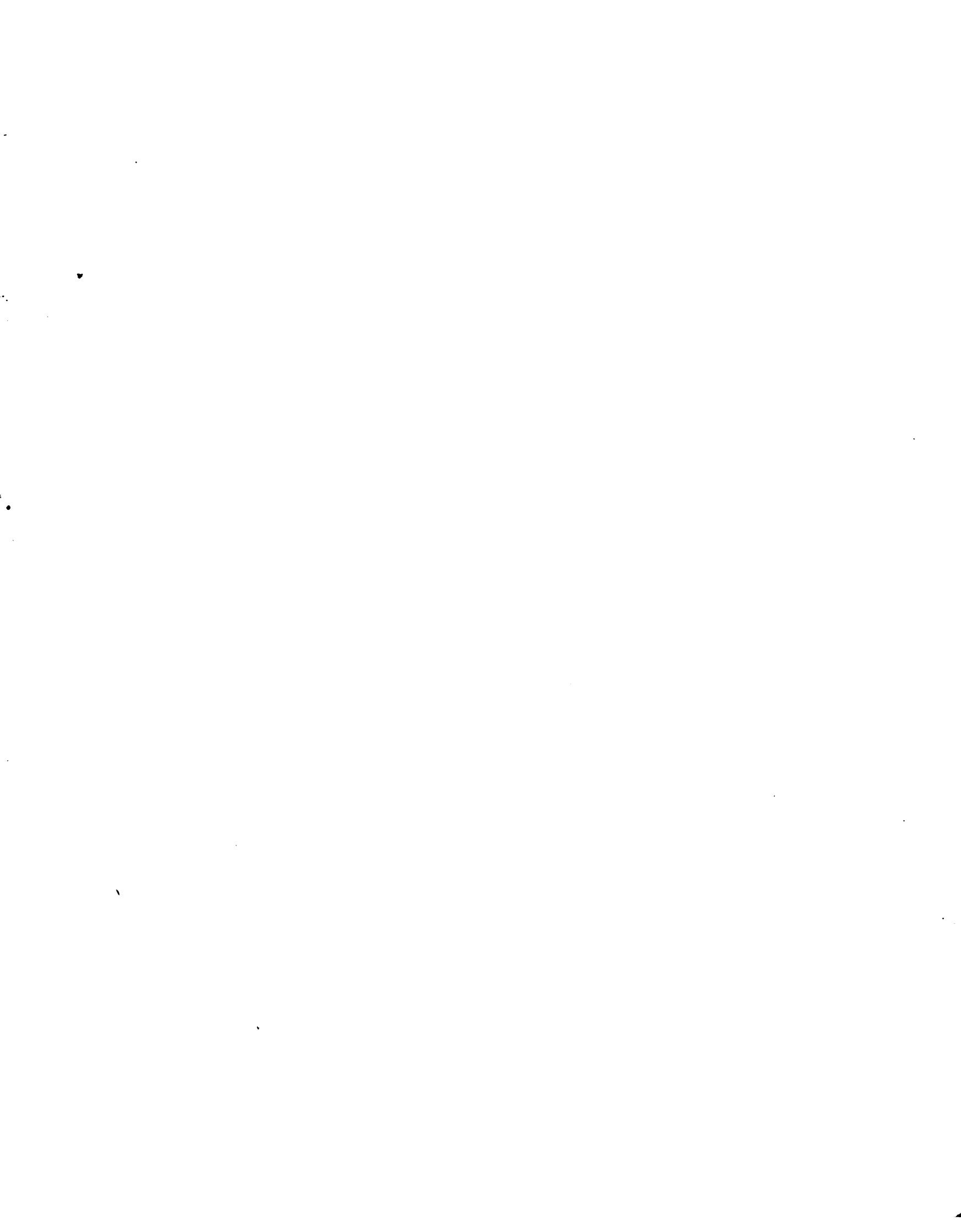
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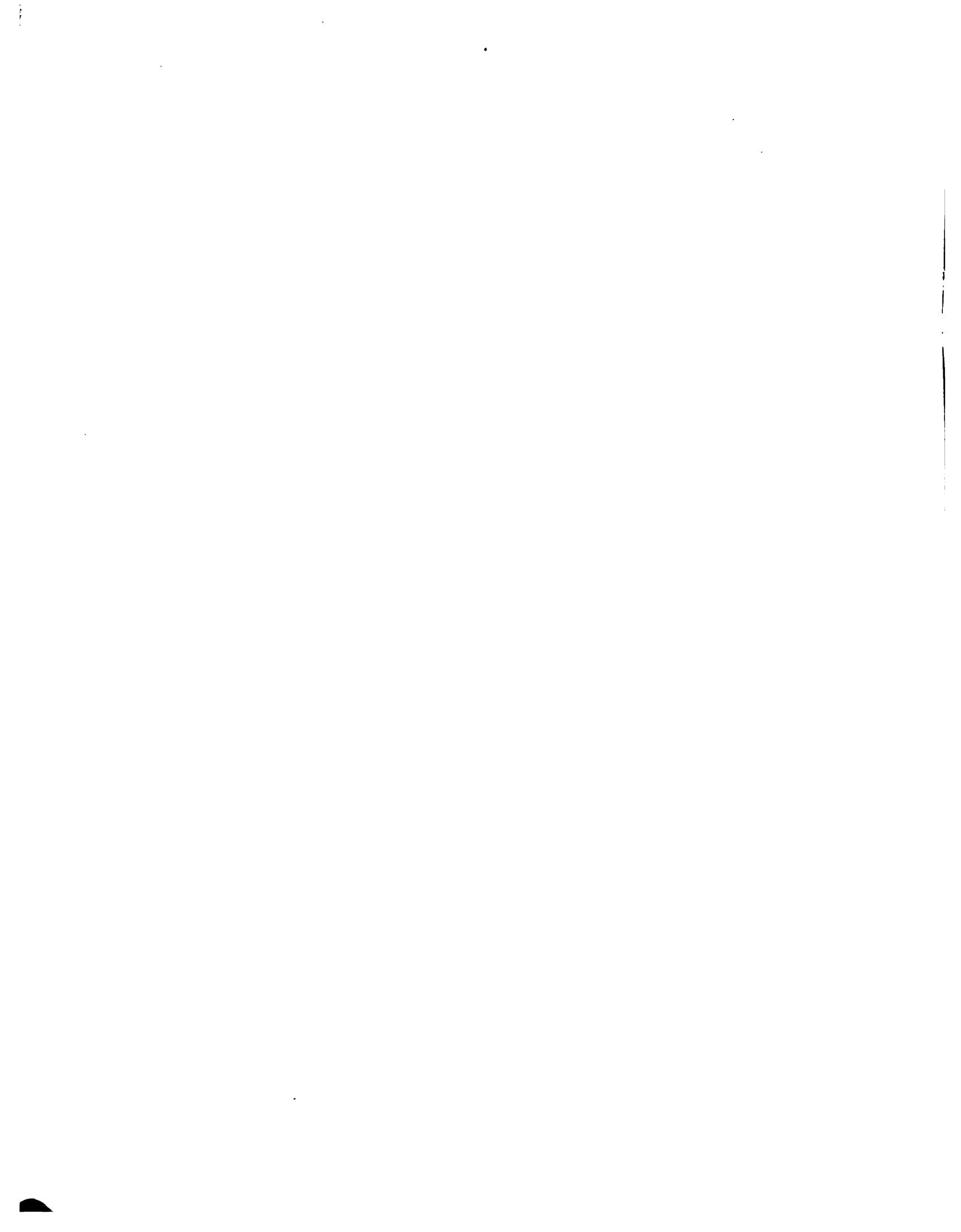
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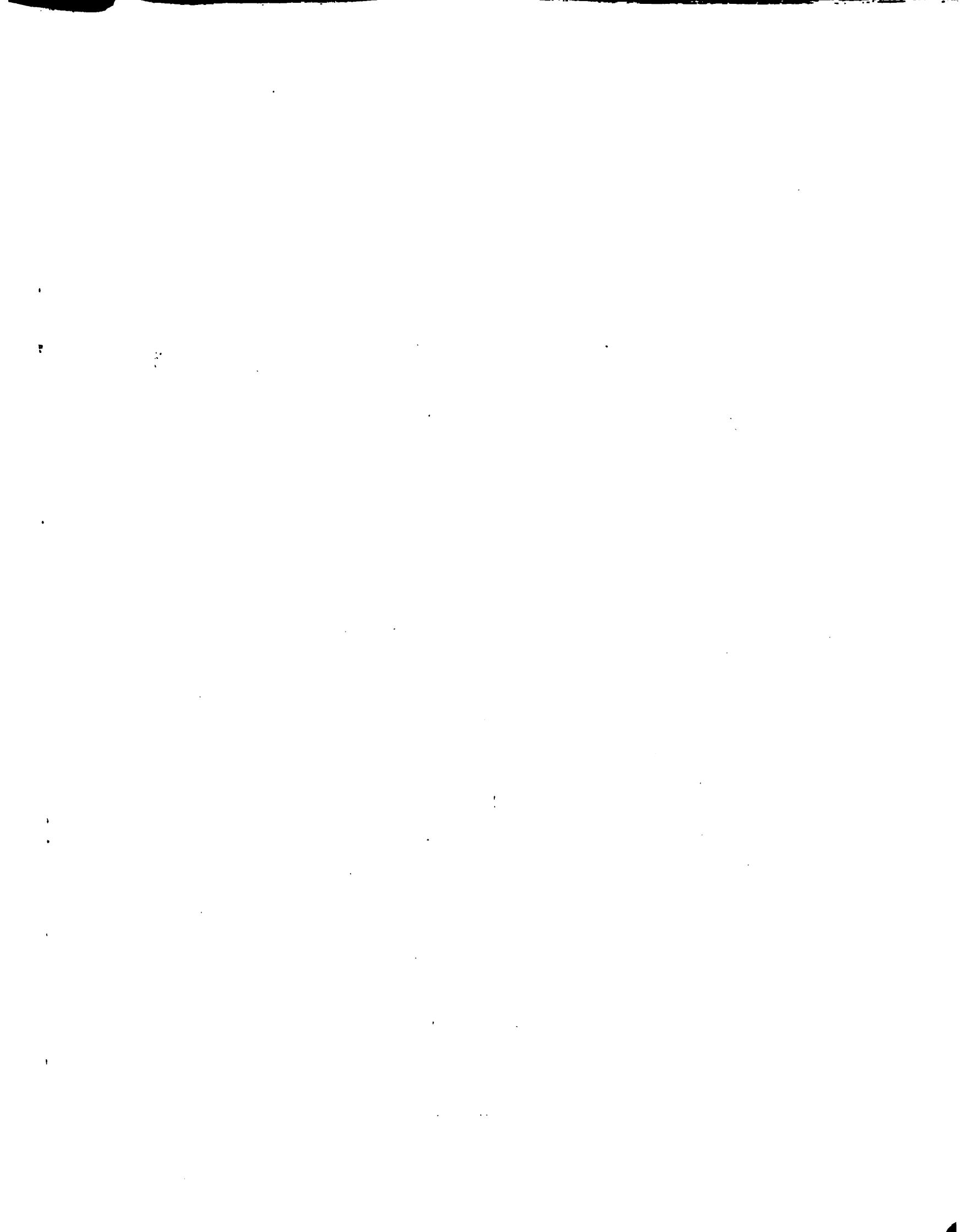
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THE "SNOW ANGEL"

(See Page 86)

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1970 - 1971 - 1972 - 1973

1974 - 1975 - 1976



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BRATTLEBORO

WITH OVER TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS



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• PICTURESQUE • BRATTLEBORO •

THE CONTENTS OF A CAMERA

The multiplication of illustrated works at a popular price, is one of the blessings of our advanced civilization. This is the day of the camera, and it has come to stay. That little square, light-tight box is to be seen everywhere. On mountain and shore, on land and water, in green fields and mossy dells, by rippling brooks,

Now, when it is possible to photograph the express train and the lightning flash, the exposure of the plate must be made often more quickly than the hand can move, and many mechanical devices have been introduced to shut off the light. Gradually improvements have appeared until many homes are beautified by the contents of a camera, which is owned by some member of the family. In this art, as in others,



BRIDGE ACROSS THE CONNECTICUT

and by the restless sea, the sauntering amateur is seen and the click of the instantaneous Kodak is heard. We pity those who lived before the discovery of photography and we smile at the crude results of early efforts. We can hardly credit the statement that for an ordinary picture an exposure of from three to seven hours was necessary, and that the processes of development were so cumbersome that a favorable result was very uncertain.

ease and abundance of supply have stimulated demand.

By the process of photo-engraving the contents of cameras are multiplied and spread upon the printed page for the instruction and pleasure of the people. If the old methods of hand engraving were followed, a work like this would be impossible without vast expenditure. The "half-tone" has almost entirely superseded the old process.

PICTURESQUE

This has been regretted by some as an injury to the cause of art. This question must be left to the critics. It may be that the modern reproduction of the photograph does not require the artistic talent that was required to produce the old-time engraving. But it is undeniable that by bringing fine illustrations within the reach of the masses, love for the beautiful is stimulated, and the artistic sense is in many awakened and prepared for future development. All



VIEW OF BRATTLEBORO IN 1849 (FROM AN OLD DAGUERREOTYPE)



AT WHETSTONE BRIDGE

photographers are not artists, but many are and the professional standard is rising. The publishers were peculiarly fortunate in securing for "Picturesque Brattleboro" the services of Mr. Frederick Knab, a gentleman of artistic talent and training, whose conscientious work is apparent in these pages. The illustrations of this volume, which constitute its chief charm, as its title implies, are, with a few exceptions, the contents of his camera. They were all deposited by the light waves, on that tiny shore of photographic film, the sensitized plate of the photographer. They are here



DEPOT STREET IN 1850

spread before you fresh from the processes of the engraver and the printer.

It is the hope of all who have cooperated in the work, that they may invest familiar scenes with a new interest and may lead some to the discovery of beauty near at hand, which too often is unappreciated. It has been the effort of the publishers, however, as in all the "Picturesque" publications, to go outside the beaten tracks to bring to light new beauties. Our photographer has tramped for

many days in search of the picturesque, the romantic and the historic, and has not forgotten scenes of every day interest. His selections have been made with artistic feeling, and in the "composition" of the picture the true artist appears.

It is not enough to know how to focus the camera; the choice of the point of view, so that the most artistic picture may be produced from existing material, requires more than ordinary talent. It would be strange indeed if, in a place so rich in material as Brattleboro, some views worthy a place on these pages were not missed.

We do not see through the same eyes, and when a selection must be made there is room for a dif-



MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH IN 1865

allusion to the past. The work must have proper setting and adjustment. But in a book of the character of "Picturesque Brattleboro," such allusion must be brief and fragmentary. This is not designed to be in any sense a history of the town. That work has been admirably done by others, to whose labors we are indebted for much, in the way of suggestion and information. When the past is treated it is by the reminiscent, rather



THE OLD RIVERE HOUSE

ference of opinion. Our artist has received many suggestions from residents and has profited by them. All who have been connected with this book have done conscientious work. The result is left to the verdict of that great jury—the public.

REMINISCENCES

In any description of a community there must be some



MAIN STREET, LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE CORNER OF ELLIOT, IN 1850-51

than the historical method. We believe this to be the proper method in a work of this character. Many of the subjects here considered are not properly matters for historical treatment. They touch phases of life, which, while remembered and mentioned, do not require that dignified and connected consideration, which the term "history" suggests.

While this is true, we believe they will be not less interesting. Such flashes of recollection are, to many, like glimpses of sunlight in a gray day; and these



THE CORNER OF ELLIOT STREET AFTER THE BIG FIRE OF 1869

vagrants of memory are delightful companions to vary the monotony of life.

Many will be interested in the views from old photographs, which show by contrast some

The price will bring it within reach of all. Why not send it to your friends? There are multitudes outside of Brattleboro who would be glad to own it. Some are former residents;



BRATTLEBORO FROM PROSPECT HILL

of the changes which have taken place. At sight of them the old days will be recalled.

But this book deals also with the life of to-day. Brattleboro is rich in material both from the artistic and the literary point of view. We have aimed so to combine this material as to make the work fresh, wholesome, and interesting.

It is impossible in a book of this kind, with varied illustrations on every page, to make the pictures and the text keep close company. This will not be found a serious objection as the book will be properly indexed, for ready reference.

A PLEASING GIFT

Books make pleasing and valuable presents. "Picturesque Brattleboro" is a book. Please draw the conclusion for yourself. It should have a large sale as a gift-book; and this is the expectation of the publishers. Buy it for the holidays; buy it for birthdays; buy it for wedding days. Everybody in Brattleboro will be interested in it. It should be in every home.

some are summer residents; and others are occasional visitors on relatives and friends. It will be an appropriate present, which will be



THE OLDBLAKE BLOCK—1860

highly appreciated. We recommend the purchase of the better binding. The greater durability will more than pay for the slight

advance in price. It is a book to be preserved for years and this fact should be kept in mind in selecting the binding.

THE REASON WHY

DEAR READER:—Would you like to know the reason why we have published this book? “Yes?” Well, it is published in Yankee-land, and we take for granted that you are a Yankee, and so we say—guess.

“For fame?” No. The book is not an ambitious literary effort, although we trust we shall neither murder the “King’s English” nor exhaust the patience of the reader. “For love of the picturesque?” Well, you are growing “warmer,” as the children say in their games, but we are not quite ready to answer yes, with all our appreciation of the beautiful in nature and in art. “For recreation?” You make us smile. You evidently don’t know much about the labor required to produce a work of this kind. “You give it up?”

Well, bend down and let us whisper in your ear. “Picturesque Brattleboro” is published to make money. “Shameful?” Oh, no doubt it is. We are aware that most authors and publishers are governed by motives of pure philanthropy. But wait a moment and let us talk this matter over seriously. We are not altogether base. We do not expect a financial bonanza. The expense of bringing out this volume is much larger than you suppose. We

can truthfully say, also, that we have not in any way cheapened the quality of our work to increase the profits. We believe that such a policy would be a mistake in the long run; and we do not expect that this book will be ephemeral. We have neither solicited nor received any fee or favor for the production in the descriptive portion of the work, or any portrait, or the photograph of any residence or estate.

It is perhaps impossible to secure fair returns from a work of this kind in a limited territory, without securing a few advertisements for insertion in the business department. But even these are so written and arranged as to be in some sense a description of the commercial life of the town. This book is not an attempt to “boom” Brattleboro, and is not an advertising scheme. It is an honest effort to present the picturesque features of the town and its immediate vicinity. We flatter ourselves that the attempt is a success. The views in this book



A MAIN STREET LAWN

could not be bought, separately, in photograph form for many times its price, even supposing they were on the market, which they are not. As they were made specially for this work, after many miles of travel, the cost to the publishers, including reproduction, printing and binding, is very large. A large sale will be necessary to meet the cost, before those who are responsible for the book can begin to count any profits. This work is one of a series of publications which have made the imprint of the Picturesque

A black and white photograph of a large, multi-story wooden building, likely a printing house or publisher's office, with a prominent chimney and several windows. A sign on the building reads "THE FIRST ORGANIZATION".

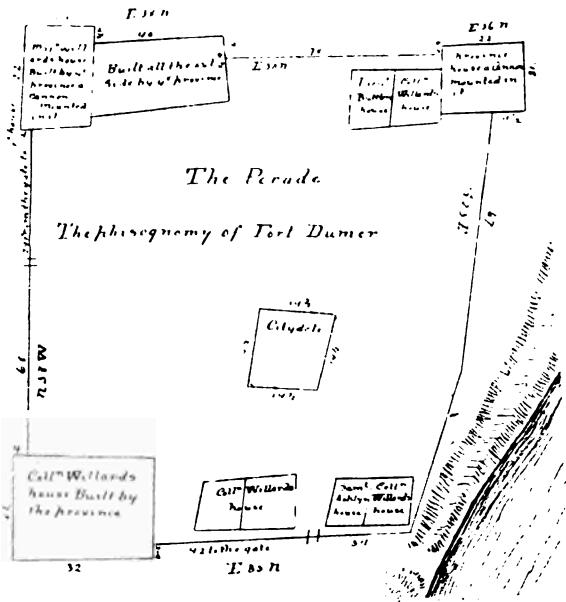


THE FIRST ORGAN WORKS—1850

you will not blame us; for we are only common
clay and dare not pose as philanthropists.

of the other
“Picturesque”
publications.

In spite of our somewhat mercenary confession you will see that taste, skill and conscience are represented on these pages. If, having done our best, we are anxious to secure good financial returns,



PLAN OF FORT DUMMER

FORT DUMMER

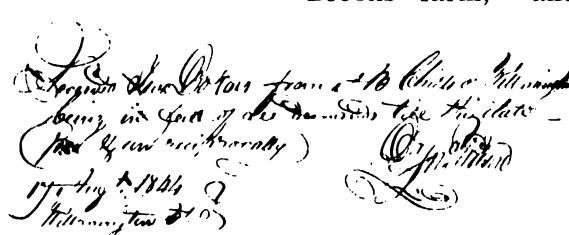
The most historic spot in Brattleboro is the site of Fort Dummer in the south-eastern part of the town. It occupied a strong position on the bank of the river where the valley between the mountain and the rugged hills toward Guilford, is narrow. The place is now known as the "Brooks farm," and is a familiar and much

frequented spot. The scope of this volume will not permit us to enter largely into historic details. We reproduce, however, a plan of the fort as it appeared in 1749.



THE EAST SIDE OF MAIN STREET IN 1868

easily available for a work of this kind. It should be borne in mind that we have here a very much larger number of views in proportion to the territory covered than in any



AUTOGRAPH OF CAPTAIN THUNDERBOLT

The territory about Brattleboro in the early times was in the Province of Massachusetts Bay. The erection of a block-house above Northfield, for the better protection of the settlers below, was ordered by the General Court in 1723, during the progress of the French and Indian war.

thus described by Judge H. H. Wheeler in an admirable article on the history of this fortification:

"It was in shape an oblong running in length north-east and south-west, with a corner cut off, forming a short side on the bank of the river.

It was built of the yellow pine timber covering the meadow, hewed square, laid up about 20 feet high and locked together at the corners. The north-west side was about 150 feet long, the southwest 112, the south-east 106, the north-east 80, and the short side on the bank of the river about 20. It had a double two-story house in the south-west corner, with two fire-places below



AMONG THE ISLANDS



AFTER THE FRESHET OF 1860

It was begun in February of the next year, and was built under Col. John Stoddard by Lieut. Timothy Dwight of Northampton, who was its first commander. The construction of the fort is



THE FLOOD OF 1862

and one in a chamber; a two-story house in the north-west corner with two fire-places below, and a one-story double house adjoining it along the north-west side; a two-story house in the north-east corner with two fire-places below; a watch-box in the short side on the bank of the river; a gate in the south-east and south-west sides; and a covered underground way under the short side to the river. The walls of the fort made the outer walls of the houses, and the inner walls of the houses were built like the walls of the fort, with single roofs sloping from the walls of the fort inward, and

PICTURESQUE

doors and windows opening within the fort, which could be closed and barricaded. Colonel Stoddard wrote to Governor Dummer February 3, 1824: "We intend the fort shall be so built that the soldiers shall be as safe if the enemy were in the parade as if they were without the

advance fifty per cent on rum, sugar and molasses, and twenty-five per cent on European goods." This gives us an idea of the staple commodities of those times and shows that our ancestors had an "eye to the main chance."

The new line between the provinces, fixed in 1741, left the fort in New Hampshire; but as it was more necessary to Massachusetts Bay it continued to be maintained by that province.

A French and Indian war broke out again in 1744; the trading was discontinued, and the Indian commissioners left. Captain Willard, the commander, took grain to Hinsdell's mill to be ground July 3, 1740, and twenty men to guard the mill during grinding. He discovered a force of Indians in ambush and attacked it so fiercely that they retreated, leaving their packs in his hands.

In the charter of Brattleboro by



THE OLD STAGE HOUSE

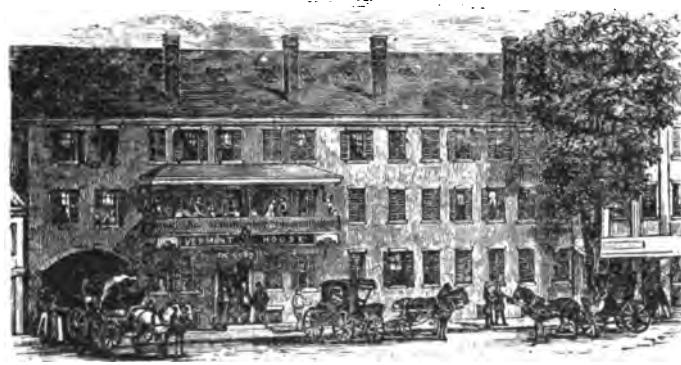
fort." It had one great gun for alarms, which could be heard at a long distance, and four small swivel guns for defence in the houses. It partly covered the ground where the present house of Mr. Brooks stands, and a foundation stone of one end of the short side, hollows left in the places of some of the cellars of the houses, and the place where the covered way was, are plainly visible now. It was completed in that summer and was called Fort Dummer, in honor of the lieutenant-governor."

The only attack upon the fort of which there is any record occurred October 11, 1724. Four or five of its occupants were killed or murdered, but the attack was repulsed. At the close of the war in 1727, the garrison was reduced, and in 1728, a trading post was established at the fort. The General Court set apart a sum of money "for the purchase of goods to be lodged at the Truck-house above Northfield, to supply the Indians withal."

The truck-master was directed "to



THE FORMER BRATTLEBORO HOUSE



THE OLD VERMONT HOUSE

Gov. Benning Wentworth under King George II, December 20, 1753, "His Majesty's Fort Dummer and a Tract of Land fifty rods round it, viz. 50 rods West, twenty five rods South & twenty five rods North of said Fort," were reserved. The rest

of the meadow as cleared and fenced by Willard was granted to him for his share. The garrison at the fort was reduced to eight men, to five and to three. In 1754 it was increased to eight and September 19, placed under command of Nathan Willard as sergeant. Another French war came on in 1755, and the



THE ARCH ACROSS THE BROOK



"ALL ABOARD"

garrison was increased to nine under him as captain. The troops were dismissed from all the other forts in 1759, hostilities closed, and this ceased to be a military post in 1760."

From the description in a deed, the fort appears to have been standing in 1773, but it probably did not remain long after. Some of the timber of the fort remained, and was used in buildings in the vicinity as late as 1831.

A STROLL ABOUT TOWN

"Brattleboro!" "Brattleboro!" The loud call of the brakeman as the train from the south approached the station



ELLIOT STREET

told one passenger at least that his journey was ended.

For many miles he had gazed from the car window to catch glimpses of the beauties of the far-famed valley through which the train was bearing him. His eyes roamed over broad stretches of fertile meadows, with an occasional glimpse of the river, and in full view of the mountains beyond. But for some time the valley had grown narrower, and now as he approached his destination, mountains and river seemed to meet.

As the train stopped he hastened to the platform and in a moment was greeted by the Artist. "How are you?" "Glad

PICTURESQUE

to see you;" this with a hearty handshake.

"I am glad to get here," said the weary Passenger. "How are you getting along?"

"Oh, fairly; there is plenty of material, but we have had miserable weather for pictures."



THE DEPOT FROM VERNON STREET

"This way," as the Passenger reached the end of the platform—"the bridge at your right would lead you across the river to the mountain road—very picturesque, but just now you will prefer your supper and bed, I fancy."

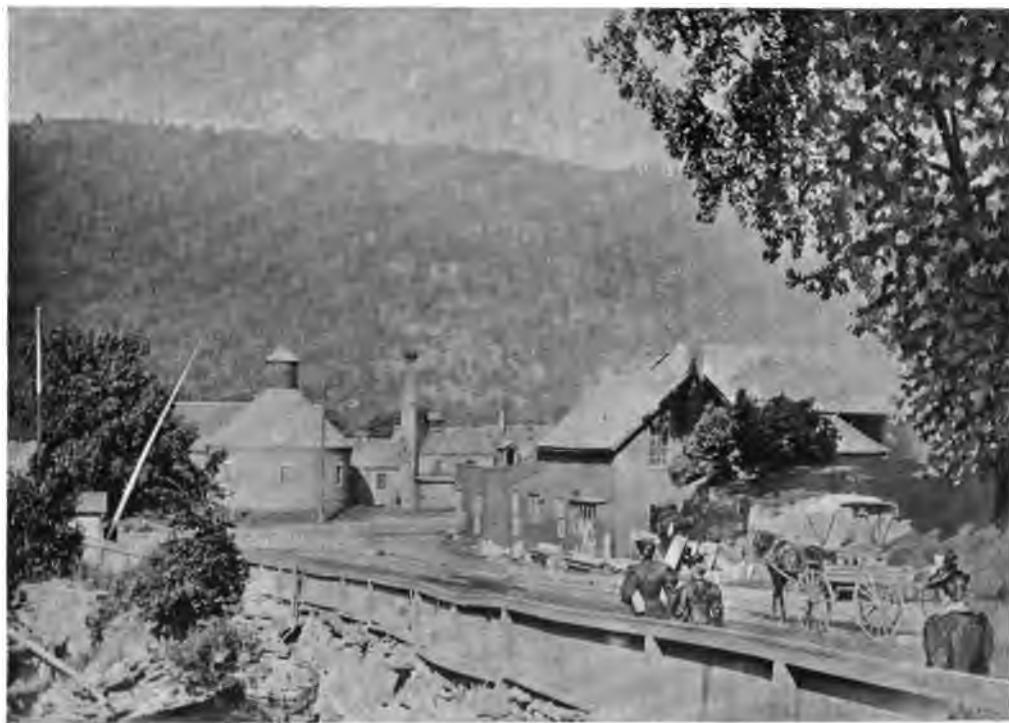
"Well, I can trust your judgment in both directions, so I will follow you." And thus in pleasant chat these two workers on "Picturesque Brattleboro," walked up Bridge street and thence to Main, to the comfortable quarters of the Artist.

The Passenger did not spend much time in looking about. "I am tired now, and there will be plenty of time in the morning," he said. He could not fail to notice, however, the moun-

tain which rose abruptly to the east just across the river.

"It oppresses me," he said to the Artist. "If I lived here I should feel dreadfully shut in. But if it keeps back the sun in the morning I might get reconciled to it." "I don't doubt it," rejoined his friend, "but you will not have that satisfaction; for the people here are early risers. But don't be too hasty; when you know the region you will feel differently, and you will find that 'distance lends enchantment to the view.'"

After this they went to bed; and the Passenger dreamed that he was in a town which he could not leave without climbing a steep mountain. The next morning after breakfast the two friends prepared to explore the town. "I suppose you have read up on Brattleboro," said the Artist. "Oh, yes, in a general way. It is situated in the south-east corner of Vermont, on the Connecticut river, in the heart of New



BRIDGE STREET

England, and is easily accessible to the great cities and to Canada. It has about seven thousand population and has been called the organ town, because the manufacture of organs is the principal industry. It is one of the oldest

towns in the state. The first settlement was Fort Dummer in 1724. The charter of Brattleboro was granted in 1753."

"You talk like a gazetteer. It is well to know these things; but it is more interesting in our work to touch the past at a later date. I have secured some old



RESIDENCE OF COLONEL HOOKER



MAIN STREET NEAR ELLIOT

pictures which will be interesting. I should think you would get some old resident to write about them."

"I have already done so. And now I am ready for all you can show me of the present. So this is Main street? It has a modern and thrifty look."

"Yes. You will seldom find an old town anywhere of the size of this, that has more substantial business blocks, and public buildings. One reason is, that the town has been blessed by fire and flood."

"Rather a peculiar expression, but often true. Such things are

called catastrophies at the time, but may prove blessings in disguise. They sweep away old landmarks, but clear the path of progress."

"That has been true here to some extent.

This hotel, the American House, is one of the oldest buildings on the street. Now looking up street, you see the buildings are very substantial. That street on our left is Elliot, and the brick block with white trimmings, on the corner, is the People's National Bank. That long building is Crosby block, and just beyond is the Brooks House, the principal hotel."

"I should not suppose that Brattleboro could support so many stores."



THE PATCH



TERRACE STREET

"Oh, they do not depend on local trade. This is the centre for a large territory. When you see Main street later in the day you will find it filled with vehicles. There are several banks in town and I hear that they are very prosperous. This is the Town Hall. Though plain, it is substantial. The first floor is occupied by the Post-Office and the town offices. Excuse me while I see if I have any mail. While you are waiting, if you walk along you will see the Episcopal church. Nothing for me this morning. Isn't that a picturesque structure?"

"It is indeed. One could almost believe that it had been transported to this busy town from some quiet English hamlet."

"Most of the churches are on this street. The brick building opposite is the Baptist church; and here, almost opposite, is the large church and chapel of the Congregationalists. On the other side of the street, in plain sight, is the stone structure of the Unitarians. The Catholic church is a short distance north, on Walnut street. The Methodist and Universalist churches are to the south; the former on

Elliot street and the latter on Canal street. The town, you see, is well supplied with churches, and I hear that they are well sustained. There are two churches also at the West Village."

"I am not surprised. Indeed I came here fully prepared to find all the virtues in the most flourishing condition. The town has been well written up by its friends, and they have been unstinted in praise. A town with pure air, pure water, beautiful scenery, fine churches, schools and public

buildings, excellent advantages of power and transportation, where poverty and crime are reduced to the minimum, is almost a paradise. If I had come to this place on horseback and had paused on one of these hills to survey the scene I suppose I should have felt as legend says Mohammed felt when he looked down on



EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Damascus. And I should have said with him, 'Only one paradise is allowed to man. I will take mine in the next world.' In that case I should have missed Brattleboro."

"You are mildly sarcastic; and you show a

comfortable egotism about the future. Possibly your friends would advise you to embrace the first opportunity. But seriously, you are premature. Wait until you have seen the town and have met the people. There is a good deal of local pride, but that is not a bad trait, and I assure you there is much here to justify it. There is very little silly conceit about the town on the part of the citizens. I suppose most will admit that Brattleboro has its share of sin and misery; but it has also much in its favor which is exceptional both in natural attractions and social conditions. The town gained its early reputation from the establishment of a water-cure by Dr. Robert Wesselhoeft, a German physician, in 1845.

From that time it has been a favorite summer resort. Previous to the war many Southern families were accustomed to come here. Many distinguished people like Fanny Fern, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Gen. George B. McClellan, General Sherman, Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, with others who might be named, declared in the early times that some of the finest scenery and some of the richest landscape views in the world are to be found here. This testimony has continued unbroken to the present.

Here is a recent tribute which I will read to you from my note-book. 'Brattleboro is a beautiful, brainy and busy town, where abide the very best kind of folks, whose home life is of the highest order of culture and completeness. I fully believe Brattleboro people, broadly speaking, to be of the kind whose word is as good as their bond, if not better. If there is any one thing that a genuine Brattleborean prides himself or herself upon it is the fact that

the trade-mark of Brattleboro life in each and every department, whether that be of a business, social, religious, political or of a miscellaneous flavor, is all that the most critical could desire; and well they may, like Miss McBride, be 'proud of their pride,' with such a well-grounded corner stone of belief.'

" You make a strong case; and I am not disposed to dispute you, especially as the town has not stagnated while rejoicing in its reputation."

" You are right. The place bears the marks of neatness, thrift and enterprise.

This is the Wells fountain. We have come to the parting of the way, and will not go further in this direction. Let us cross the street and go back to the Post-Office. That building? That is the High School. This is the Brooks Library; the gift of a public-spirited citizen. We can visit it at our leisure. A walk up High street, to our right, will show you a pleasant part of the town, and at the top of the hill we shall have a fine view. I will take you a few steps away from our route at this point where Green and High streets join, for I wish to show you a glimpse of church spires.

A peculiarity of this town is that one need go but a short distance from the business portion to find picturesque nooks.

We will now retrace our steps. Do you notice how neat and substantial the houses are and how well-kept are the grounds? Brattleboro is a town of homes. Nearly all the people own the houses in which they live. Oak street, at our right, is very pleasant. The street above is appropriately called Forest street. Here the houses stand on a high terrace, embowered in the grove which crowns the hill. And now we have reached the entrance of Highland Park.



THE BROOK AT THE FACTORIES

You would not suspect it, for there is no stately gateway or broad avenue; nothing but a narrow country road, steep and ungraded; but we shall soon come to beauties which will cause you to forget the roughness of the way. Here is nature, unspoiled by art. You see that taste and skill have seized upon the natural advantages to make this wooded crest a pleasant resort. Shady walks and drives have been made. Seats have been provided and summer houses built. Here is a rustic bridge spanning the ravine. That large building where the carpenters and painters are at work is called the Cottage. It is a pretty bit of Swiss architecture, very appropriate for this rocky hillside. But it was not built merely for ornament. It is

put to a very practical use. This park is the property of Mr. George E. Crowell, and is generously thrown open to the public. Mr. Crowell built this cottage as a shelter and headquarters for park visitors and as a summer home for his own family, before living in his present beautiful mansion which you see across the street. Then, for four seasons, it was used to accommodate children of



MAIN STREET



VERNON STREET

the 'fresh air fund,' and working girls from Brooklyn. For the last five seasons it has been at the disposal of Dr. Edward Judson of the Judson Memorial church of New York. It is filled with invalids and orphans. There are accommodations for about fifty persons; but as the stay of each company is limited, about four hundred are received every season. This huge basin is the reservoir. I know you are thinking that it would be a good swimming tank for the children at the Cottage. But there is not much



THE ROAD ACROSS THE RIVER

danger; it is well protected, and its steep sides would make the most venturesome urchin pause to consider how he could get out, if he should take the plunge.

This town has a good water-supply, for which it is largely indebted to the same public-spirited citizen who has opened the park. Now stand here and look about you. Below us is the village, embowered in verdure. Brattleboro has good reason to be proud of her trees. See old Wantastiquet on the New Hampshire side of the river. You said yesterday that it oppressed you, and you remember I told you to wait. It has a charm of its own, which grows upon you. There are other points which are more favorable for viewing it than this, for of course such a prominent feature of the landscape

must be seen from many angles. It is, to me, a grand old sentinel guarding the frontier of a sister State. Its noble proportions, rugged sides, the beauty of the forests which clothe it from base to summit; the play of lights and shadows over all, combine to make it an object of untiring interest.

That broad street to the west is a continuation of High street. It is called Western avenue and is the main thoroughfare which leads to West Brattleboro. A little to the south are the factories of the Estey Organ Company, and the settlement which has grown up around them, called Esteyville. Now, retracing our steps, you see we come again to High street.

Pause a moment at this junction of streets and notice the view looking down High street. Did you notice that it is Green street which joins High street at this point? It is the same street that we visited at the foot of the hill; it curves around and ends here."

"Yes. I have heard that Brattleboro is not



THE TOWN HALL



ALONG THE MOUNTAIN'S BASE

regularly laid out."

"Well, the town is alive with the fresh life of nature, and ought not to be laid out. It has never yielded to the artificial demands of the commercial spirit. The streets and highways are circuitous and winding, but convenient, well-kept and beautiful.

And now I wish to take you to another point of vision; so we will return to Main street by way of Green.

There is nothing here of special interest. You note the same appearance of neatness and thrift about the houses that you see on other streets. On our left are two short streets which lead to High street. The street on our right which we just passed is School street. A few steps on that street would bring us to Florence Terrace, the beautiful home of Gen. Julius J.



COMING FROM NORTH HINSDALE

street is largely devoted to business. Here is the neat, brick church of the Methodists, about which I spoke a little while ago. Here we come again to Main street, near our starting point. We will go now to South Main street. I wish to show you Cemetery Hill and Prospect

street. Flat street, on our right, is devoted to business. There are many places which we must pass now which you can explore at your leisure without a guide. We cross Whetstone Brook, which, you will find, is a very important factor in Brattleboro enterprise, and here at the head of Bridge street stands the commodious Brattleboro House. Turning slightly to our right we come to a junction of streets, and notice in this prominent location the Universalist church. Canal street lies before us, but our route is up the hill to our left.

Prospect street is at the top of the high embankment on our right. We might go up these steps, which lead directly to it, but I think you will prefer to climb the hill and visit the cemetery first. There are five cemeteries in town, but this is the largest and the most beautiful. The Catholics have a cemetery, which



A BALL GAME

Estey. There is a pleasant view here at the parting of the way, under these spreading trees. If we keep to the left we shall come back to our starting point at the foot of High street. We will take Church street, at the right, which brings us to Elliot street. As we go towards Main, you will notice that this portion of Elliot



THE BAPTIST CHURCH

is very pleasantly situated a short distance from here on Pine street.

You will notice, also, in your wanderings, the cemetery at the West Village, which is well kept. Prospect Hill Cemetery, where we are now standing, is nearly a hundred years old. It is a curious fact that the wife of the donor of the land was the first person to be buried here, in the same year that it was given.

Look about and tell me is it not appropriately named? What a prospect; the wooded mountains melt into the distance; the sparkling river laves their feet, and sweeps towards us in a graceful curve. Below us lies the Island, with its bridge spanning the divided stream. On our left is the village, with shaded streets, graceful spires, and its terraces, crowned with beautiful dwellings. I could wander for hours along this wooded

bank, listening to the voices of the wind among the trees. Every leaf seems to articulate a message of Nature. But other sounds reach us. Far below lies that highway of commerce, the railroad; and the shrill cry and the mad gallop of the iron horse wake the echoes. What a contrast! Below, the rush and roar of traffic, and on this serene height the undisturbed repose of those, who, after the stress of life, rest from their labors. I never visit this spot without being reminded of that poem 'The Two Villages,' by Rose Terry Cooke. There is one stanza especially which expresses my thought.

'In that village on the hill,
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter at hall or hut;
All the village lies asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent and idle, and low they lie.'"

"You have the eye of the artist and the soul of the poet. This is indeed a charming spot, and I am fortunate in my introduction to it. My practical eye, however, has been noting the proofs of the care which it has received. I dislike to see a place



THE RIVERSIDE

like this neglected. Nature and art ought to go hand-in-hand in cemeteries; and I see they are in happy union here. It pleases me to see substantial headstones and beautiful monuments. This monument to Col. James Fisk, Jr., is the most pretentious, and it must be artistic, since it was designed by the sculptor, Mead. It reminds me of a remark of Fisk's about the cemetery. I have read that a few years before his death it was proposed to build the fence around these grounds, and a committee was sent to New York to solicit funds from the former Brattleboro boys who resided in the metropolis. When they stated the case to Fisk, he is reported to have said, 'Yes, I will give something, but I do not see any need of a fence around the cemetery. The fellows who are in, cannot get out, and those who are out do not want to get in.' He told the truth. We like to come here, but we are in no hurry to be brought here; at least I am not. I believe the last verse of that poem from which you quoted has something about 'Many a weary soul' longing 'to sleep in the forest wild.' My observation is, that when a man really longs for the cemetery he is not of much use anywhere else. It may be very pathetic and very poetic to long, but it is not

practical. However, the fence is all right."

"It is evident that you are not in a pathetic mood this morning. If I admit all that you say, we shall agree, I think, that it is pleasant to know that our last resting place may be in some beautiful spot which will be carefully tended. Here is the grave of one of Brattleboro's honored sons, William Morris Hunt, the great painter. He loved this spot, and on his last visit to the town said, 'When I die don't forget to bury me here. This is where I want to rest.'

If you are ready we will cross the road to Prospect street. The view of the town from that point is in some respects better than any we have seen. You get now a good idea of the location of the town. It is in the midst of a great amphitheatre, and is



UNITARIAN CHURCH



THE BROOKS LIBRARY

built on a succession of natural terraces which afford sightly and healthy locations for the homes of the people. These terraces are seldom abrupt, but of gentle slope. It has been suggested that in pre-historic times they marked successive banks of a great stream. Some scientists have declared that Mt. Wantastiquet was once covered by water. You notice several of the public buildings. You would see them more plainly if it were not for the dense foliage. Round Mountain to the west is a conspicuous



THE OLD GOODHUE HOUSE



COACHING PARADE, VALLEY FAIR

feature of the view. Whetstone Brook flows eastward toward the Connecticut and divides the town into two parts, the larger territory lying to the north. In the same direction, but beyond our sight, is the beautiful West River, also a tributary of the Connecticut. There are some lovely views in that region. I have made some pretty



CATHOLIC CHURCH

pictures of streets in this vicinity. Prospect street, where we now stand is pleasant in itself, as well as for the view which it affords. Central street, and Clark street which lie below us, are attractive. A few steps brings us to the top of Elm street hill. This as you see, is very abrupt. The new stone building directly below us is the Canal street school. A site was excavated for it on the hillside. It fronts on Canal street, from which high terraces rise far above the street level. The only way to photograph it was from a rough platform built out from a telegraph pole. When you view it from the other side you will admire its Colonial architecture.

When you were talking about the fence around the cemetery, I thought I would call your attention to the lawns. You have perhaps noticed that most of them are unfenced. That is the way they should be left. I suppose you cannot call a fence around a house a relic of barbarism, for barbarians do not have fences; but it is the sign of a preverted civilization. Fences should be built in dangerous places; but it is seldom necessary to inclose a lawn. They are expensive, unsightly, and give to a community an exclusive, keep-your-own-side expression, which to me is not pleasant. I think more of Brattleboro because of the absence of fences around her dwellings. Esteyville lies near us to the west, but we will not visit it this morning. We will go down the hill and follow Canal street back to South Main street. There is time before dinner to go down Bridge street and across the island. The arched railroad bridge across the brook is conspicuous; the surroundings here are very picturesque. Here is the foundation of an old mill, and close to it are the falls. Look up from this point, and see how the water rushes over the rocks. If this scene was in the forest instead of here in the heart of business, it would be a favorite resort. As it is, it has to me a special significance. The stream has had its work-day; it has turned the wheels of many a manufactory, and this is its release. As children just let out of school run and play on their way home, so the waters seem to leap and laugh, as they hasten to their home in the great river.

And now crossing the railroad and the first bridge, we come to the Island. We get a fine view up the river from



RESIDENCE OF R. D. HARRIS



RESIDENCE OF E. P. CARPENTER

the bridge, and notice the picturesque effect of the buildings on Main street, rising above the wooded bank. This road between the bridges under the trees has a quiet beauty of its own. Crossing the second bridge we come to the Hinsdale road, which skirts the base of the mountain. This is one of the



RESIDENCE OF GEO. S. DOWLEY



CHURCH SPIRES FROM GREEN STREET

many drives for which this region is noted.

It is about dinner time and I am not sorry, for our walk has made me hungry. But before we reach Main street let me call your attention to this street running southward from Bridge street. It passes over a ledge close to the railway, and overlooks the depot and its surroundings. It is called Vernon street; but the lower part has been named the Patch. The houses are small and plain; but you will find no squalor, and I think you will admit that even this humble part of the town, has some pleasant surroundings.

This closes our entertainment, as the showmen say. I am not a professional guide, but I hope I have given you a general idea of the place. I regret that I cannot be with you in your walks and drives, but I shall be glad at any time to give you any information which I possess about the town."

"Thank you. I have greatly enjoyed the morning, and from what I have already seen I am prepared to find new beauties in picturesque Brattleboro."

They love their land because it is their own,
And scorn to give ought other reason why.
HALLECK,

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A book like "Pictur-esque Brattleboro," is the product of many workers, and in the present instance some special and formal mention is appropriate. For the artistic views we are chiefly indebted to Mr. Frederick Knab, to whom extended reference has already been made. But not to him alone. Local photographers, Wyatt and Howe have been called upon to some extent, and several "amateurs" have furnished photo-

graphs, among them Charles A. Harris, Edwin D. Whitney, Charles H. Thompson, A. B. Clapp and W. H. Childs. Next come the contributors to the text, who have greatly added to the value of the book, and have lightened



HIGH STREET

the burdens of the editor by their cheerful co-operation. Among those who are closely connected with the town, although not permanent residents, are Mary E. Wilkins, Sally Joy White, Rev. George Leon Walker, D. D., and Cecil H. C. Howard. The residents are represented

by Rudyard Kipling, Ex-Gov. Frederick Holbrook, Judge Hoyt H. Wheeler, Charles F. Thompson, Rev. A. J. Hough, George A. Hines, and others.

There is one gentleman to omit whom would be like attempting the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. He has labored early and late with great public spirit, and with tact, zeal and ability, to make this volume a success. There is not a department of the work in which he has not assisted. The editor and the publishers, as well as the Brattleboro people, are under deep obligations to the genial assistant postmaster, Mr. C. W. Wilcox.

SOME OLD PICTURES

(See Pages 6-12)

The changes which have taken place in the general appearance of a town cannot be better illustrated than by the comparison of pictures taken at different periods. This is the only way, coupled with proper explanations, by which the present generation can obtain a clear idea of such changes. The "old inhabitant" as he passes familiar spots,



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF REV. GEORGE LEON WALKER

can mentally reproduce for his own benefit, their appearance previous to those changes occasioned by fire or flood or the "march of improvement," which have made them what they are to-day.

But memory is often treacherous and at best fails in those nice details which are



THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

impartially produced by photography. The publishers of "Picturesque Brattleboro" have been fortunate in securing some old-time pictures. While they will appeal to the old residents of the town, they will also be interesting to the young and to those whose stay among us has been brief; for they will show by comparison many of the improvements which the years have brought.

The writer has been requested to make some comments on them and will follow the order of their arrangement on these pages without attempting any chronological classification.



HOME OF A. D. WYATT

Imagine yourself then, dear reader, as looking upon an old-fashioned panorama, and let the writer represent the lecturer as he explains the pictures while the crank turns.

The first picture is a birds-eye view of Brattleboro village in 1849-50, and was taken from some point south or south-west, not now exactly agreed upon. It is reproduced from an old daguerreotype. The hills have not changed, but the village at their feet has seen many changes since that day. It was in 1849 that the railroad came to stimulate the growth of the town.

The building in the next picture with the signs "Cabinet Furniture" and "Ware Rooms" was a large furniture factory and warehouse owned by Anthony Van Doorn and operated by S. Gates & Co. It stood exactly where the Emerson & Son block now stands. A part of the organ works is shown, which will be



A GLIMPSE DOWN THE RIVER—GROUNDS OF JUDGE TYLER

the foreground is a large mill using the power of Whetstone Brook. This spot was occupied by a mill as far back as 1800, and the old foundation is now standing.

The view of Main street was taken from a point on the west side, about opposite the store of Pratt, Wright & Co., looking northward. The pillars at the left of the picture were the front of the old stage-house. The building next to it was a large wooden building in which at one time was the Post-Office. The upper stories were at first used as a furniture ware-house, but afterward turned into rooms and connected with the stage-house by a walk from the second story. In this building the great fire of November 1869 originated, which swept everything from the corner



AT THE COMMON

described later, and the dwelling house owned and occupied by Nathan Woodcock, the pioneer paper manufacturer of Brattleboro. This picture was made in 1854. All these buildings were burned in the fire of September 1857.

The artist has next reproduced for us Bridge street as it appeared in 1865. The building in

of Main and High streets to the corner of Main and Elliot streets. Looking farther on the left side we see the large trees which were in front of the dwelling house of the Chapin family, and just beyond is faintly discernible the old corner book-store, occupied for many years by Joseph Steen, Esq. On the right of the street is seen,

first, Hall's building, now occupied by the Hooker block; and next prominently seen is the building as it now stands, which is owned at present by Miss Mary E. Wilkins and Miss L. E. Waite. This building is very old. Next

store stopped the spread of the flames at the burning of the Revere house in 1877. The front of this store was so damaged by the fire that it was rebuilt with brick and moved back to its present position.

The building next, with the barber pole projecting, is very old, and has remained as it is for over eighty years. The building directly in front at the foot of the street with an apparently open door, was at this time a grocery store. The small cupola seen at the right just over the gable of the old building referred to, with a barber pole, is on top of the Van Doorn furniture warehouses already shown. The American House which has stood very much as at the present time for



GROVE STREET

comes the high-roofed building which is the present Town Hall and Post-office, erected in 1855. The church is the Centre Congregational church, now standing in the same place, and was built in 1842. The old-fashioned awnings seen on both sides of the street were very popular at this time. This picture was taken in 1865.

The old Revere House will at once be recognized by many. It was built in 1849 by James Fisk and was burned in 1877. It stood on the southern corner of Elliot and Main streets.

The picture entitled, "Main street Looking south from the Corner of Elliot," was taken opposite the Vermont National Bank in the year 1853. The large building at the left is the Van Doorn dwelling-house, taking the place of the smaller wood building, burned in 1848, and rebuilt as at present in 1849-50. The first building at the right was the old Dickinson stove store, built of stone, which at this time stood some six or eight feet farther into the street. This

sixty-five to seventy years, is just out of sight at the left of the wagon seen in the foreground.

We have a scene of desolation in the picture of the corner of Elliot street, after the great fire of 1869, to which allusion has been made. In the foreground are the ruins of the Blake property.



HIGH STREET IN WINTER

This naturally brings us to the next picture, which represents the John R. Blake residence before the fire after it was remodeled and made with four stories, in 1855. The lower story on three sides of the building was brought out for stores, the upper stories being used for offices. This building stood where the Vermont National Bank now stands. It was here that the fire was stopped.

The first Estey Organ shop, which was built in the fall of 1849 and occupied in 1850, is next seen. Only the two upper stories of this building were occupied for building melodeons and small organs. It was burned in 1857. The first melodeons were made at Centreville, in 1846. After this first building was burned, Mr. Estey built a much larger manufactory on the spot where the Brattleboro House now stands, and in 1872 rebuilt this shop almost exactly like the one on the old site. This building withstood the great flood of 1869, but was carried away by a smaller flood in 1876, and was never rebuilt.

In the next picture we are given a view of the east side of Main street as it appeared in 1868. It was taken from a point in front of the present Town Hall, looking south, the first building on the left being Hall's building, and the second the block of stores, very much as they now stand, as far down as O. J. Pratt's dry goods store. The last prominent building on the left was the Van Doorn dwelling house, before

referred to. The trees seen on the right were on the grounds of the Chapin family and remained there until the great fire of '69. The whole of the right side of this picture is now covered by the Brooks House, Crosby block and the Vermont National Bank.

Our next view shows the second Estey Organ building, as rebuilt after the fire of 1857, and hanging over the abyss made by the great flood

of October, 1869, which was caused by great rains and the giving away of some ten to twelve small dams, raising this small stream to an extent never before known, carrying away the large cabinet factory which had been rebuilt after the fire of '57, also the bridge over Whetstone Brook and all the soil down to the rock which is plainly seen. It completely destroyed the road to the depot, making it perfectly impossible to reach the station except by going around a long distance another way. The date of the flood shown in the next illustration, was April 24, 1862. The picture was taken from Cemetery hill looking northward. The water of the Connecticut as

shown, completely covered the island lying between Brattleboro and the mountain, which was nearly all swept away and rendered almost valueless. It can be plainly seen in the picture that the water is up to the bottom of the bridge. The few buildings seen in the front were on the depot ground. The small buildings shown were the toll-house and one or two other buildings. This island before the flood was very beautiful, fertile and valuable; being owned by N. F.



WILLIAM M. HUNT



THE RESERVOIR

Cabot, Esq., the present treasurer of the Vermont Savings Bank. It was almost completely ruined, the soil being washed off and a large channel made through the middle of the island, through which a part of the river ran until it was finally filled up. This was the largest flood of the Connecticut river, ever known. It was caused entirely by two or three very hot days which melted the snow still remaining, causing it to come in a very sudden and unexpected manner.

On the next page we have three pictures representing two old hotels. The first is the original building, usually referred to as Chase's Stage House, and the second is the same house after it was remodeled and opened under the name of the Brattleboro House.

The low building in the foreground at the left of the second picture, was

the corner of one of the stores built by John R. Blake, when he remodeled his house. The history of this stage-house is quite interesting. The date of its building is 1798. In 1813, it was kept by Major Dickinson, who at that time had been the proprietor for a few years. He was succeeded about 1818, by a Mr. Palmer, who, after a year or two failed, when John R. Blake, Esq., one of the owners, took possession of the house, keeping the same until April 1st, 1822, when it was taken by Major Henry Smith. He occupied the house until 1827-28, when Col. Paul Chase bought him out.



BRIDGE IN HIGHLAND PARK



HIGH STREET FROM GREEN

He put up the sign, "Chase Stage House," which remained until Major Smith changed it to Brattleboro Stage House when he took it the second time. About 1844-45, Major Smith again took the house and kept it until 1849-50, when one Mr. Rice occupied it for one year. Again Colonel Chase with his son, Edwin



"LINDENHURST," RESIDENCE OF GEO. E. CROWELL

H., took the house and kept it until 1853-54, giving way to Lemuel Whitney & Co., who occupied it about one year. Said Whitney had the sign "Brattleboro Stage House" removed and instead had painted on the front of the house, "Central House." He gave up in 1855, when at once a general repair and enlargement was made, and it was after these repairs that the second picture was taken, and then the sign "Brattleboro House" was first put on. William C. Perry then occupied the house until 1861, when Charles G. Lawrence succeeded him and remained the proprietor until the house was burned in the fire of 1869. It should be said here

that Major Smith and Col. Paul Chase, who for so many years kept this old stage house, were both very fine looking gentlemen of the olden style and were prominent in all that was done for the prosperity of the town at that time. This should also be said of the owners of the house, Hon. John R. Blake and Francis Goodhue, Esq.

The third picture on this page represents the old Vermont House (occupied for many years by Captain T. C. Lord). It was remodeled in 1847-48, and stood where the Town Hall now stands. In the rear, Wantastiquet hall stood, being the first



A POOL, HIGHLAND PARK



FOREST STREET

large hall built in town. All this property was burned in 1852.

Many are the reminiscences which these old pictures will suggest. They bring to the writer, as they will doubtless bring to others, a flood of memory. But he cannot indulge himself

in greater detail. The limits of this article allow only the briefest description for purposes of identification and suggestion, and with this he leaves the subject.

CHARLES F. THOMPSON.



THE COTTAGE—HIGHLAND PARK

THE BEGINNING OF BRATTLEBORO

The beginning of the village of Brattleboro proper was the building of a grist-mill on the falls of Whetstone Brook at Main street bridge in 1762, by Gov. Benning Wentworth of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to which settlers might bring and grind their grain. About 1766, Samuel Wells, who lived where the Women's Summer Retreat stands, built a saw-mill at the same place. In 1772, Samuel Knight, the first lawyer, built the first dwelling-house, just north of where the Brooks Library is, and in 1773 "sundry small dwelling-houses" had been built near the mills. Matthew Martin built, about 1777, another grist-mill near the first, and in 1784, Gardner Chandler, who lived where the north end of the Brooks House is, had a "shop" on the site of the stone block next south of the Town Hall. The earliest real store was

opened about 1790, where the blacksmith's shop stands next south of the American House, by James and Edward Houghton of Guilford. The first tavern, which stood where the Retreat farm house now is, was kept by John Arms, beginning soon after 1762, and continuing till his death in 1770. After that his widow, Susannah, continued the business, and was succeeded by his son Josiah. The earliest road came from Fort Dummer up Venter's brook, on which is the cascade, to where the old road to Guilford is, and then turned south-west. It was begun as a scout path to the fort at Colrain before there was any town of Guilford, or of Brattleboro. John Arms, afterward Major Arms, and Samuel Wells, afterward Judge Wells, settled at the places mentioned, in July 1762. The road came from the top of the

hill above the cascade near where the road now comes down the hill to the mills, went further east past the present location of the Library, and further west where the Retreat is, to Major Ames' and Judge Wells', and then across West river to John Sergeant's, afterward Colonel Sergeant's, where the road turns off to



OUTLOOK FROM THE PARK

the suspension bridge. Judge Wells had several children when he came to this place and had several more afterward, thirteen in all, most of whom grew up. All of his daughters but one, seven in all, were married here. He built the house which is now the front part of the Women's Summer Retreat, probably about 1773. It had curious cupboards, closets and sliding doors and blinds, some of which remain; and it is much the oldest house in town or near by. Here his daughter Rebecca was married to Samuel Gale, June 25, 1773, after



THE OLD HOLBROOK HOUSE



A PAVILION — HIGHLAND PARK

bonds had been filed in the office of the Provincial secretary at New York city, that there was no pre-contract or disability to prevent, as the laws of that Province then required. His little daughter Elizabeth, five months old, who died in October, 1765, was the first person now known



CHAPIN STREET

to have been buried in the old cemetery on Meeting-House hill, north of Centreville. The first meeting-house in town was built in 1768, just south of this cemetery, in what is now a field and was made a common. Four roads come together here; one from the north, in the edge of which the west wall of the cemetery now stands; one from Judge Wells' leading up to the east side of the common; one from the south leading from

Whetstone Brook to the south-west corner of the common; and one from the west, in which the fence leading westward from the south-west corner of the cemetery now stands. Benjamin Butterfield, about 1772, built and lived in a house where there is a cellar-place in the

PICTURESQUE

north-west corner of these roads west of the cemetery. He was licensed as a "retailer" in 1772, and probably kept a tavern at this place. Dr. Henry Wells, the first physician, came in 1766, and lived about half a mile east of here; Abner Reeve, the first minister, north-east of and adjoining him; and Micah Townsend, the second lawyer lived, after Abner Scovel and Joel Atcherson, at the first place east of the common. The sign-post for public notices, with the stocks for the punishment of offenders fitted into it, stood upon this common, which was used also for a training-field; and here the troops of Gen. Bradley's brigade, mustered in 1784 to suppress opposition to the State of Vermont, camped over Sunday, before proceeding to



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

west of the tavern and of Potato lane. The land east of his as far south as where the seminary buildings and meeting-house are, was surveyed out to Malachi Church, who built a saw-mill about where the shop is on Whetstone Brook. This land was conveyed to John Houghton, who lived on it in front of the tavern, and gave

the land for the meeting-house where the road now runs, the north side of where the road then ran, which was where the meeting-house now is. William Ellas settled in 1772, where the seminary buildings now are.

Esquire Stephen Greenleaf came from Boston in 1771 and lived at the top of the hill above the cascades by the old road to Guilford. He bought the eight hundred acres of land reserved to Governor Wentworth of Judge Wells, the New York proprietor, and built a saw-mill on it in 1772 at



SCENE IN HIGHLAND PARK

Guilford. A meeting-house was built in 1785, north-east of where the one now stands at West Brattleboro, and when that came to be used the one on Meeting-House hill was abandoned, and that place became Brattleboro.

The beginning of that village was the settlement of William Harris from Holden, Mass., in 1768, at the south-west corner of the old and new Marlboro roads opposite Mrs. Bigelow's. The old cemetery in the meadows is at the north-east corner of his farm of one hundred acres, which extended south just



ON ELLIOT STREET

Centreville, but lost the title to it soon after. He removed to the house above Elm Corners, south of Centreville about 1776 and lived there ever afterward. Seth Smith had a grist-mill just above the bridge at Centreville, and lived in the first house on the south side of the road west of

there, where Mr. Crouch now lives. Lieut. Samuel Root lived east of the covered bridge at West Brattleboro, where Mr. Thurber lives. The first road from the valley of Whetstone brook to Meeting-House hill, crossed the brook near there and went directly up to the south-west corner of the common.

HOYT H. WHEELER.

A LANDMARK

The large white-maple tree on the "Woodglen Farm," about half a mile from Main street, was long an object of interest. The picture on page 18 will recall pleasant associations to many.



DOWN UNION STREET

It was of noble proportions, being eight feet in circumference at the trunk, and twenty-five feet high. A young son of Mr. R. G. Wood built



GREEN STREET NEAR CHURCH

a summer-house in its ample branches, which was reached by stairs.

It accommodated sixty people, thirty of whom could be seated. Many have been the little picnics and musical parties in this unique place. Persons of all ages have enjoyed a delightful holiday or restful stopping place as they came from



METHODIST CHURCH

a ramble to the Cascade.

Near by is a never-failing spring flowing from a rock. In the early days the Indians used to camp on the farm and in the valley below, and came here to drink, calling it the "cold spring." Some time ago both tree and summer-house became unsafe. The latter was torn down and only half of the tree now remains. The summer-house was built in war-time and remained about twenty-five years.

MARY HOWE-LAVIN

Among those who have gone out from Brattleboro and made a place for themselves in the world of art, perhaps no one has commanded wider attention than the beautiful songstress Mary Howe-Lavin.

There are singers and singers. Some are taught with much toil and labor to sing with a certain degree of success, while a comparatively limited number are endowed from birth with a God-given talent for this finest of the arts. Mary Howe-Lavin certainly belongs to the latter class, though the best of training and her own earnest efforts to develop natural gifts have brought her talent to its present perfection.

There is something indescribably fascinating in the singing and personal appearance of this charming woman.

No one who has listened to her can wonder at the affectionate regard in which she is held in her native town.

It would be easy to fill columns with praises in her honor which have appeared in the press of this country and that of foreign lands where she has won some of her most notable successes.

Although now holding such a high position in the musical world, Mary Howe-Lavin is still as hard a student as ever, and means to attain still higher excellence in her art. That she may continue to enjoy her well-merited success is the sincere wish and belief of her many friends and admirers.

THE COMING OF THE RAILROAD

The formal opening of the last section of the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad, from Vernon to Brattleboro, took place on Tuesday,

the 20th of February, 1849. The citizens had made such arrangements for entertainment of the expected crowd of visitors as circumstances would admit, and all were looking forward to the day as the dawn of a new era upon the resources and enterprise of Brattleboro and the surrounding country. Notwithstanding the very cold weather and uncomfortable snow-storm, before 12 o'clock the depot grounds and high bank above were covered by thousands of men, women and children, assembled to witness the arrival of the cars,—to many a novel spectacle,—and to welcome the visitors to the hospitality of Vermont.

About 2.30 o'clock the long train of sixteen cars, literally packed with fully fifteen hundred passengers, arrived at the depot amid the cheers and shouts of the multitude and such other demonstrations of joy as characterize similar occasions. The crowds on the surrounding heights, the crowd from the cars, the ringing of bells, the clangor of music, the thunder tones of cannon, the cheers of the citizens, and the returning *vivas* of the visitors, made it quite a lively affair.

An immense procession was immediately formed under the direction of Chief Marshal Dr. Charles Chapin, which, escorted by the uniformed firemen and Flagg's Band from Boston, marched to the head of Main street, then counter-marched to the depot buildings, where a bountiful repast had been prepared for them by the citizens. It was estimated that not less than fifteen hundred dined at the first table and a much larger number subsequently. The committee appointed to superintend the arrangements for the dinner: — Col. Paul Chase, Capt. T. C. Lord, Col. A. J. Hines, Henry Reed and E. Saclzer,—had discharged



MARY HOWE-LAVIN

their duties in a most efficient and acceptable manner.

After the inner man was duly cared for, the procession was re-formed and marched to the Congregational church, for the intellectual part of the entertainment, the house being densely crowded.

Dr. Wm. H. Rockwell, the president of the day, welcomed the guests to the hospitalities of the place, on an occasion so important to its interests and its history, with a fervor of feeling and beauty of language seldom exceeded. Col. Alvah Crocker, the president of the railroad corporation, then entered into a brief history of the original design of the advocates and managers of the road, their perseverance under many trials, and their final



FLAT STREET, FROM ELM

success under the many, and, at times, apparently insurmountable obstacles which had beset their path. He said he came to Brattleboro seven years previously to persuade its people to help him and others in building a road from Boston toward them, that he had already visited the other large towns without success, and came in his desperation to Brattleboro, as his last hope. For a fortnight he could not procure a dollar subscribed. That rather than let him go away altogether empty-handed, two gentlemen subscribed



A GARDEN-PLOT, HOME OF F. H. WHEELER



ELM STREET, FROM ELLIOT

for two shares apiece, and that others, to prevent the reproach of so trifling a contribution going from among them, enlarged the amount until it grew to \$8000. That this example acting on other towns had caused an alteration in their opinions, and that he returned to his despairing brethren in Boston with \$30,000, additional and unexpected stock from the country, and that was the turning point of their success and the dawning of their brightness.

His address and those that followed, by Rev. Thomas Whittemore, of Cambridge, Mass., Mr. Chapman of Greenfield and Mr.

PICTURESQUE

Graham of Northampton, served to satisfy the friends of the road that its construction had been well and skilfully done, amid great and perplexing embarrassments and that the stock of the road would eventually pay full dividends. All the speakers took strong grounds in favor of this extension of the road toward



"FLORENCE TERRACE," RESIDENCE OF GENERAL ESTEY



ON CEDAR STREET

the Hudson river and the north.

Ossian E. Dodge, of Boston, then sang the following impromptu ditty, written by him on the way up, to the tune of "The Cork Leg," receiving great applause:

"I'll sing of a time when we all took a ride
To old Brattleboro by the Green Mountain side;
February the month, on the twentieth day,

We jumped in the cars, and came whizzing away.

We're a bold, merry crew, who came from the city,
Too many, in fact, to be named in this ditty; All kinds of traders, to make up the passengers.
With a dog or two that hadn't been cut up for passengers.

With doctors and lawyers and State street shavers,
With D. C. Hitchcock* the prince of engravers;
With ministers also, to share in our joys,

And shake the warm hands of the Green Mountain boys.

Of Reporters from Boston, we've got a strong host,
From the *Olive Branch* paper, the *Signal and Post*;
With the bright little *Bee*, which never can fail,
The *Pathfinder*, *Herald* and crank *Daily Mail*.

Some raised their objections to building this road;
For they said the cars never could get half a load;
But the Green Mountain farmers will make these men flutter,
For they'll crowd the cars full of their cheese, pork and butter.

Objections were raised by some other tracks,



CONNECTICUT RIVER FROM THE BRIDGE



FLAT STREET

In hopes to throw Green Mountain boys on their backs;
But a road to the moon couldn't be made to fall,
With Bradley and Townsley and Gard'ner C. Hall.

Our colors now hoisted, we'll nail to the mast,
With the Whittemore *Trumpet* to blow forth the blast;
Dr. Rockwell[†] and Blake[‡], who are both full of glory,
We have now got the *long* and the *short* of the story.

I heard a good story of a wrinkled old maid,
Who thought the road crooked, and too full of grade;
Bur now, as its finished, I hope it won't shock her,
For its bound to succeed, when managed by Crocker.

* D. C. Hitchcock took sketches while coming up the road.
† A very tall and efficient friend to the road.
‡ A very short gentleman, but equally efficient.

Before the meeting broke up a resolution was enthusiastically passed thanking the citizens of Brattleboro generally, and more especially their committee, for their bounty toward their visitors and the satisfaction they had given everybody.

In the evening a ball was given in Wantastiquet hall, attached to the Vermont House, and with the bewitching music of Flagg's band, the lads and lassies danced till the morning's early gray, the company in their merriest mood, and the accompaniments all in the best style.

Though every house had



CLARK STREET

open doors for all that could be accommodated, there were still large numbers that could not obtain lodgings, and most of these were furnished with buffalo robes, wrapped in which they reposed in the pews of the church, which was properly warmed and lighted for the purpose. (The chairman of the committee of these arrangements was Larkin G. Mead).

Wednesday morning a substantial breakfast was provided at the depot buildings, and about nine o'clock a train of thirteen cars left the depot, in which most of the Boston visitors and others on the line of the road took passage for home, the remainder leaving on the afternoon train.



How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.

Shakespeare.

PICTURESQUE



ON THE DUMMERSTON ROAD

THE MILITARY HOSPITAL

In December, 1862, the writer, in his official capacity as Governor of Vermont, accompanied by his staff, and Surgeon Edward E. Phelps, visited Washington on a special mission. He had observed with pain the anxiety of many families in Vermont, occasioned by the numbers of our troops who were disabled and confined to the hospitals in



SOUTH MAIN STREET HILL



THE WELLS FOUNTAIN



PINE STREET

and around Washington, and in the camps, wasting away from their sufferings, from homesickness, and from the influence of a malarious climate. The casualties of army life by sickness, were perhaps proportionately larger among our Vermonters than those from some other sections.

This was due to the greater change experienced by our men, from the bracing air and pure water of the Green Mountains, to the damp and more or less malarious districts where our armies operated.

Then again the Vermonters were so



EAST FROM HIGHLAND STREET

often put to the front in important movements and engagements that they were exposed to frequent casualties from gun-shot wounds. Under these circumstances numbers of our citizens made long and trying journeys at an expense which many could ill afford, to look after their disabled soldier boys.

To allay the anxieties of friends and to save the lives of the soldiers, the writer felt that effective measures must at once be taken. He therefore at this time appealed to the United States authorities to establish a Military Hospital in Vermont for the treatment and care of sick and wounded Vermont soldiers. When the plans were first submitted to the President and the Secretary of War they were regarded as inexpedient and impracticable of execution.

It was thought that many of the disabled men would die under the fatigue and exposure of such long transportation back to their state; and it was suggested that possibly some might be lost by desertion. It was said also, that the plan would be an unmilitary innovation.



FALLS AT MOUTH OF WHETSTONE BROOK



IN THE CEMETERY

The Surgeon General of the army interposed the objection that the expenses of the medical department had already much exceeded the appropriation provided by Congress, and it

PICTURESQUE

would, therefore, even if desirable, be impossible to incur the expense of furnishing a hospital in Vermont.

After repeated meetings and discussions, the writer made an official and formal proposition to take the barrack buildings, of which there were many, owned by the government on the Camp Grounds at Brattleboro, remove them to a sheltered situation at one end of the grounds, placing them in a hollow square, and to fit them up with plastered walls, nice floors, chimneys, provisions for ventilation, an abundance of pure spring water, and all needed appliances and facilities for hospital purposes. This was to be done under the care and supervision of Surgeon Phelps, of established army experience and reputation, and at the expense of the state of Vermont. When finished it should be to the acceptance of such medical inspectors as the government should appoint. It was, however, provided that the Secretary of War should authorize the transfer of all sick and wounded Vermont soldiers needing hospital treatment to the hospital at Brattleboro, the Governor to appoint a suitable and acceptable state military agent to look up the men, wherever to be found, in government or camp hospitals, said state agent to have written authority from the

Secretary of War to enter said hospitals and to take such men for transportation to Vermont.

Secretary Stanton, always courteous, considerate, and obliging to the writer, and expressing a desire to accommodate the state of Vermont in



THE HEAD OF ELM STREET, FROM PROSPECT

all practicable ways, considering the valuable services the state was always ready to render to the government, and the excellent quality of the troops from Vermont, finally consented to this proposal. He remarked however, that it was an unusual experiment, likely, he feared, to prove impracticable in execution, and that the order for transferring the men might have to be revoked within six months.

To this the writer replied — " Well, Mr. Secretary, my faith in the success of the enterprise is such, that I will take all chances of its failure and risk all outlay of money in creating the



"PINE HEIGHTS," RESIDENCE OF EX-GOVERNOR FULLER



JUNCTION CANAL AND SOUTH MAIN STREETS

necessary hospital accommodations."

He smilingly replied: "Well, Governor, I cannot but admire your earnestness and faith in this matter, and hope your expectations of good results may be realized."

Directly on returning to Brattleboro the work of moving the buildings and fitting them for hospital use according to agreement, was begun, and by the middle of February was completed. The whole was accepted by the government medical inspector, and the disabled men began at once to arrive.

Before the end of the following

summer, the hospital was full, some men having been sent from neighboring states to occupy rooms not needed by Vermonters. During the summer and autumn, hospital tents were erected to enlarge accommodations, and these were occupied by men from several other states, so that from fifteen hundred to two thousand patients were treated at a time, those who had recovered being sent to the front again and new cases taking their places.



SOUTH MAIN STREET



CENTRAL STREET

The hospital was soon credited by the United States medical inspector, with perfecting a larger percentage of cures than any United States military hospital record elsewhere could show.

The recovery of the men was in many cases very rapid. Patients taken from camp hospitals often steadily improved from the time they were placed on the cars and started on their homeward journey. The prospect of again seeing their state and greeting their friends was a more powerful tonic than any prescribed by the doctors. When they arrived, skilful treatment

PICTURESQUE

combined with cheerful surroundings usually wrought a complete cure.

After the favorable reports of its inspectors the government willingly assumed the hospital, and reimbursed the state for all expenses in fitting up and providing the same. The ladies of Vermont with most commendable zeal, patriotism, and philanthropy, furnished mainly the equipment for beds and other necessaries, as well as many luxuries. So great was their enthusiasm, that at length they had to be publicly notified that the hospital was provided to overflowing with articles of their handiwork and bounty. The experiment of establishing this hospital proved so successful that similar hospitals were provided in other northern states. Thus was inaugurated in Vermont an example in the healing art which led to the saving of the lives of thousands of brave men who had given so much to their country.

FREDERICK HOLBROOK.

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY
A LEGEND OF BRATTLEBORO

Young Strength to Beauty gave such tender heed,
They must be parted, all the gods decreed
In solemn council, and young Strength was sent
To shape the east of this great continent.
"Ha!" cried the gods, and joy shone in their eyes,
To think that even they could be so wise:
"Love will forsake him in that lonely place,
And Beauty here forgot his absent face."
Then Strength bowed to his task with sullen might,



UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

Rolled up the mountain ranges, height on height,
Spread out the valleys, stretching far away,
And scattered hills around him in rude play.
But when the gods looked out upon the scene
The world was black, without one speck of green.

"This will not do," they cried, "man cannot tread

Upon a world like that, all bare and dead.
We must send Beauty forth." Well pleased she trod

In all the footsteps of the brave young god.
And ever as she clothed the naked hills,
The valleys robed in green, awoke the rills,
Called flowers to birth, and taught the birds their lays,

Her heart was longing for the young god's face.

And on a bright, glad day, the lovers met
Beneath the shadow of Wantastiquet.
The young god had just shaped its topmost stone,

And, looking backward from the height, alone,

A world of loveliness before him spread;
"The goddess, Beauty, must be near," he said;

"I will pass over to the other side!"
And down the mountain leaped, and at one stride

The river crossed, [to] find amidst sweet shade

The goddess Beauty making our cascade.
So where they met, they lingered, wooed, and wrought

A matchless scene, for love was in their thought,

Until it seemed to them, as to all eyes,
A dream, wrought into earth, of Paradise.



CHESTNUT STREET

Though legends err; this truth must be confessed,
That Strength and Beauty here have done their best.

ALFRED J. HOUGH.

THE BROOKS LIBRARY

The public library has come to be recognized as a necessary part of the educational equipment of every centre of population.

It is not confined to cities, but extends its beneficent influences to towns and villages.

The people of Brattleboro early appreciated the importance of a supply of good books for general distribution.



HOME OF R. G. HARDIE



CANAL STREET SCHOOL

The old Brattleboro Library Association was organized in 1842, and existed for nearly forty years.

It was maintained from a special fund of twenty-five hundred dollars and by the payment of membership fees and a small annual assessment levied on each member.

In 1882, the members of this association proposed to turn over to the town the books and other properties in their possession, provided the town would establish and maintain a public library which should be free to all. This proposition was formally accepted by

the town March 7, 1882. At an adjourned meeting held April 8, 1882, by-laws were adopted and a board of trustees elected.

From that time to the present, the town has made liberal appropriations for the support of the library.

The library of the old association had a migratory history.

It was moved several times from one store to another. When it was received by the town it numbered about twenty-seven hundred volumes, which were moved to the lower Town Hall, which was set apart for its use.

Doubtless most of our citizens supposed that it was permanently located. But public-spirited residents were devising liberal gifts,



THE CANAL

PICTURESQUE

and better things were in store for it.

When the library came into possession of the town, C. N. Davenport made provision that the sum of one thousand dollars should be set apart from his estate, the yearly interest of which should be expended in the purchase of books of an historical and



ONE OF THE FIRST ORGANS



THE ESTEY ORGAN WORKS

Another former resident, Lucius G. Pratt of West Newton, Mass., contributed later a like amount. The ladies of Brattleboro raised a fund of one thousand dollars and from other sources several smaller gifts have been received.

The great benefactor, however, who placed the library on a strong financial foundation remains to be mentioned.

In 1886, George Jones Brooks erected on the site of the old Goodhue house on Main street the beautiful and commodious building which is the present home of the library.

His sudden death, a few days before the time appointed for dedication, revealed his plans, completed even to the preparation of his address of presentation.

At the dedication it was formally



PARADE AT STATE ENCAMPMENT



EAST END OF ORGAN STREET

political nature, preference being given to local history. This provision was fulfilled after his death by his two sons. William H. Wells of New York, a former resident of Brattleboro, placed one thousand dollars in the hands of the trustees in 1886.

transferred by the executors of his estate to a board of trustees chosen by the donor, by them to be held in trust "for the use and benefit of the town for the purpose of a Public Library." Later, the heirs of Mr. Brooks placed in the hands of these trustees the sum of fifteen thousand dollars for the maintenance of the building and its accessories.

The building is admirably adapted to its purpose. It is a substantial brick structure with stone trimmings. There are two commodious reading rooms, and the basement contains an interesting collection of curiosities and specimens of natural history.



ESTEY STREET



DOWN ESTEY STREET, TO BIRGE

A large and increasing patronage testifies to the appreciation of the library by the residents of the town. It is an institution of which all are justly proud, and its future is assured, in the wise direction and liberal disposition of those who are responsible for its management.

WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT

The name of this great American painter is inseparably linked with Brattleboro, not merely because this town was his birthplace, but also because

of his appreciation of its beauty and fondness for its associations. If, as some maintain, human characteristics are largely determined by environment, it is not difficult to see that the artistic sense must have been aroused and developed, by the scenes among which his boyhood and youth were spent.

*"Somewhat back from the village street
Stands an old-fashioned country seat."*

These words of the poet would apply to several residences in Brattleboro but per-

haps to none more appropriately than to the substantial brick dwelling at the corner of Main and High streets, which is now the residence of Colonel Hooker. It was long known as the



THE UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITAL — 1863

"Hunt place," and was the home of the Hon. Jonathan Hunt, father of the painter, a member of Congress and a friend of Daniel Webster.

In the early days it was considered the finest house in the state and was the only brick building in this vicinity. Here the subject of this sketch, who was the eldest



NEAR THE SHOOTING RANGE



A PICTURESQUE HOME — CLARK ROAD

son, spent his early years. His mother was Jane Maria Leavitt of Suffield, Conn., from whose maternal side he inherited his genius for art. In 1840, he entered Harvard, but left in his senior year on account of a pulmonary trouble, for which his physicians recommended a change of climate. In the fall of 1843, he accompanied his mother and family to Europe. His life henceforward was devoted to art, and much of his time was spent abroad.

It is not within the scope of this article to give detailed or critical

consideration to the productions of his genius. It is sufficient to say that he won for himself and his art a high place among his countrymen and in foreign lands. For years he was the sole notable exponent of art in this country.

One writer, in describing his work, says: "A disciple of the French rather than the German school, his paintings bear the stamp of the imagination, vigor and freedom which are the inheritance of genius in the New World. Hunt lived for years in France and there became acquainted with the highest in his calling, among them Jean Francois Millet, the painter of the Angelus. The genius of no living artist seems to have impressed Hunt so strongly as the grand



THE CLARK FARM HOUSE



THE WOODS FARM

simplicity of Millet. But Hunt's friendship with Millet was long before the latter's pictures had acquired their world-wide reputation or had brought even a competence to their author. Hunt bought many of Millet's pictures, paying for one a five-hundred franc piece. It is said that Millet was so overjoyed at his good fortune that he wept. Hunt's work in this country was mainly done in Boston, and the 'Hunt school' of painting for years embodied on canvas his ideas of his art."

In Boston he devoted his time largely to portrait painting, but this by no means absorbed the whole of his time. He cut many fine heads in cameo, and lithographed and published, about 1859, a series of his own

paintings. He devoted considerable time to landscapes, and among the most memorable are his views of Niagara, painted in the summer of 1878. His last great work was an order by the State of New York for two large allegorical pictures for the capitol at Albany.

Mr. Hunt was married to Miss Perkins of Boston in 1855.

His personal appearance is thus described in Burnham's History of Brattleboro: — "Mr. Hunt was about five feet, eleven inches in height, slender but sinewy. He had a compact head, aquiline nose, keen gray eyes, and long, gray beard. He was



AN ICE POND

of a very nervous temperament, a most serious worker, but off his work overflowing with vivacity. There was no brighter wit and he could tell a humorous incident to the life."

The death of Mr. Hunt, Sept. 9, 1879, awakened deep public as well as private sorrow. In compliance with his wish often expressed, he was buried in the beautiful cemetery on Prospect hill in his native town.



THE HUNT FARM

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."

Shakespeare,

THE WATER CURE

No description of Brattleboro is complete which does not at least mention this institution, which did much to bring to wide public notice the attractions of the town.

Several detailed accounts have been published, and it is safe to assume that its history is familiar to most of the readers of this book. It was founded by Dr. Robert Wesselhoeft in May, 1845.

The doctor was born in Jena, Germany, and was educated in the university at that place.

After his graduation he studied law and was appointed to a government office. Suspected of complicity in a political conspiracy, he went to Prussia and engaged in mercantile pursuits.

He was afterward arrested on suspicion of having been implicated in the conspiracy, and spent several years in prison.

After his release the government restored him to his former position, but this proving distasteful on account



TESTING OXEN AT THE FAIR

of his democratic ideas, he resigned, and with his family emigrated to America. In Germany his attention was called to the treatment of disease by the application of cold water. He resolved to establish a water cure in this country. In seeking for a suitable location his attention was called to Brattleboro. An analysis of several springs revealed water of great



"VISITING," AT THE FAIR



purity. Friends came to his assistance and the institution was opened on Elliot street in 1845.

The plan of the doctor met with almost immediate favor. He was quite successful in the treatment of disease and at times had one hundred and fifty patients under his care. Later he associated with himself as assistant, Dr. C. W. Grau, a German of great ability and culture, who remained with him several years, and afterward went into private practice in the town. Dr. Grau subsequently became connected with the Lawrence water cure and again with the Wesselhoeft as principal physician, which

position he held at the time of his death.

After a few years these institutions ceased to be popular, and the buildings were used as summer boarding-houses for a few seasons, and were finally made into tenements.

Apart from their remedial and curative



NEAR THE FAIR GROUNDS



THE GOODHUE RESIDENCE

agency, these water cures were of service to the town, in bringing to it many wealthy, cultured and distinguished people, who appreciated its beauties and published its fame.

Almost every state in the Union was represented, and some came from foreign countries.

The social life at the institution was delightful, and the surroundings were very pleasant. One who is only familiar with Flat street and its immediate vicinity as it appears today, filled with shops and factories, can form little idea of its attractiveness in the days of which we write.

The spacious buildings, ample grounds, with walks leading to the water, the romantic paths by the stream, and through the woods, together with skilful treatment and refined sociability, made the water cure an attractive place to its visitors.

A correspondent of the New York Star thus describes those days:

"In those days, Brattleboro was a lively place when the leaves were falling, for it was a resort for many gay people, and the old hotel, that was built for a water cure establishment, was the scene of private theatricals, tableaux, Jarley's wax-works, hops, and a starting point for picnic parties. I have a faint recollection of some of those gay affairs, probably because it was the first time in my life that I was permitted to be present at any such entertainments."

I have been in Brattleboro only once since that autumn, and found the place much changed. The old Wesselhoeft is a tenement house, and fashion moved away from that part of the town to a part that seemed far less attractive in my eyes. The old rambling walks by the stream of water, where seats were placed beneath the trees, were all destroyed to give place to factories of various kinds. Brattleboro was a popular resort with southerners before the war, but after the war they stayed away, and the place changed very much. What it is now socially I do not know, only it must still be beautiful; for no changes can destroy its natural beauties."



WHEELMEN AT THE FAIR GROUNDS

The same writer mentions the impression made upon her by Helen Hunt, who spent a season at the Wesselhoeft. At that time she had not made a reputation in literature. Some of her articles had been rejected by a leading paper, which afterward was glad to secure her contributions. She is represented as a quiet woman, dressing very plainly, who delighted to take long rambles, from which she returned with large collections of autumn leaves, which she carefully pressed. Making small articles of birch bark was also a favorite amusement with her.

Those who knew her spoke of her remarkable originality and brilliancy in conversation. But she was only one of many.



THE BROAD BROOK ROAD

TO BRATTLEBORO

Long years ago I learned to love thy name,
Before my youthful lips thy praise could
frame

I felt thy beauty in my heart instilled
And knew that somehow the whole world
seemed filled
With happiness and joy, yet, unexpressed,
Ah! now I know what then I only guessed.

I know the glory of each mountain range,
Those sentinels of time that never change,
I've seen the glory of the sun-lit sky,
And watched the serried clouds, that oft-times fly
Like white winged ships on distant seas of blue.
Whate'er thy phase I'll still to thee be true!

I know the music of thy mountain streams
It comes with varied tones, 'mid flashing
gleams
Of light, throughout the meadow hill
and dale.



ROYAL TYLER

I know the notes, their charm can never
fail,
I know the flowers, more than passing
sweet,
That seem to make thy sway the more
complete.

Within my dreams I see the arch of
green
That o'er each winding road doth show
its sheen;
I hear the river, coursing toward the sea,
Oh heart of mine! I doubt if there can be
In any distant world a scene more fair
Where Heaven nearer seems in time of
prayer.

CECIL HAMPDEN CUTTS HOWARD.



EARLY SPRING — WEST RIVER



NEAR THE CASCADE

THE BROAD BROOK DRIVE

One of the most popular of the many drives for which Brattleboro is famous is mentioned in the title of this article. It presents a pleasing variety and at almost every turn the eye is treated to a delightful surprise. There are elevated points from which fine views are obtained, and long stretches of beautifully shaded road, by the side of which the stream merrily pursues its way.

The direct route is from Main street through Canal, to the Guilford road, passing the mansion of Ex-Gov. Levi K. Fuller, built on a commanding eminence to the left.

Not far from here on the same side are the extensive Fair grounds, on which the annual fair is held.

This is the great event of the year. The town is crowded with visitors from all parts of Vermont and from other states. A grand parade is the feature of the second day. Main street is gay with decorations, and amid the waving of flags, the plaudits of the people, and the music of the bands, the triumphal procession moves. One of these scenes is reproduced on Page 23. The competitors for the prize show much ingenuity and taste, in the selection and decoration of the vehicles.

The fair closes with a grand ball on the evening of this day. The grand stand can be plainly seen from the highway. It is crowded when the races are on.

These Vermonters are great admirers of fine horses. A



IN THE PASTURES

novice sitting at the hotel table and listening to the conversation, during the days of the fair, would get a liberal education in equine matters. Of late years the wheelmen have come to dispute

the claims of the horse-men, and the revolving pneumatics of the "silent steed" are greeted by the resounding pneumatics of his admirers, as his rider pushes him to the front. What would the world amount to without wind?

The muster comes at intervals and always captures the town. The blood in the veins of the most sluggish



THE ROYAL TYLER HOUSE, GUILFORD

PICTURESQUE



THE BROOK ROAD AT CENTREVILLE

courses more quickly, to the sound of martial music, and the rhythmic tread of marching men.

But we pass this spot of stirring associations, and straightway forget all suggestion of wars, or rumors of wars. Nature, this beautiful summer afternoon greets us with messages of peace. She has beaten swords into plough-shares and spears into pruning-hooks. The bloodless victories of the plough are seen in the upturned soil where the growing crops are ripening in the sun.

The hay-makers are at work in the fields, and we hear in the distance the click of the mowing-machine. Modern invention has almost entirely banished from the scene, the old-time mower, bending cheerily to his work.

Hold in the horses.

This is no place for the mad pace of the thoroughbred. Better never to break a record than to break the subtle spell in which nature holds us so delightfully. The easy gait of the family carriage horse, which a woman can drive, is a luxury in such an outing as this. These pastures and hillsides where the cattle graze in calm content or lie at rest under the trees, make pleasant pictures. No wonder the temptation to brush and camera is irresistible. Even the tangled fringes of the roadside are beautiful with the tracery of nature's delicate patterns. The village which we are entering is East Guilford.

It is a quiet hamlet typical of New England. Guilford township in the early times was



BROAD BROOK



ON THE ROAD TO MARLBORO

much more populous than Brattleboro. It is said that it was not uncommon to find letters directed "Brattleboro, near Guilford."

This large wooden building which we are passing, was a "tavern" in those days. There

is little else to attract attention except the neat village churches which suggest a fairer Paradise than any earthly scene affords. It would seem that it must be easy to be worshipful in such a place. But alas:

*"Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."*

For look! Here within hearing of the rushing brook, on this covered bridge, at the threshold of the beauties which we have so long anticipated, the "advertising fiend" has done his work. "No Cure, No Pay." Probably he would suggest that his remedies are the bridge which will carry us safely over. But we pass on and leave him and his nostrums behind. The tonic of the fresh air, and the balsam of the woods are ours. We will take our prescriptions from nature's pharmacy. How beautiful is this wooded road. Here are the trees which man never planted nor pruned. Nature is the landscape gardener here, and she greets us with a wild prodigality of beauty all her own. We are in the midst of her dominions. The trees stand thickly on the banks that rise above us and on the banks below, now sloping gently toward the brook and now descending abruptly; she has adapted to the situation noble trees and graceful undergrowth. Through the dense foliage we catch glimpses of the stream as it glints and glistens in its flow. Here it seems to have forced a narrow channel through the solid rock and having accomplished its task, it leaps and foams over scattered boulders, and jagged rocks, with a song of triumph. Farther down

it widens, to a shallow stream flowing gently over the white pebbles.

The shimmering sunlight sifts through the leaves and falls upon its surface. The rocks on its brink are carpeted with moss and banked with graceful ferns. Lingering here we forget that there are busy towns and crowded streets, and exacting tasks, and become a part of this peaceful scene. As the stream leaves its romantic haunts, to flow through the meadows, we bid it a fond adieu, and turning to the left set our faces homeward. The road passes over historic ground. Here on the Brooks farm is the site of the historic Fort Dummer. A little farther and we pause to gaze upon the beautiful Cascade falling from a hillside dotted with noble trees. A poet one day looked on it and was moved to say:—
"My eyes are tranced in beauty." What shall we say? That which entrances a poet's soul is not to be described by us. Seats have been placed on the grass in the open space below the Cascade, and there



BRIDGE ACROSS BROAD BROOK



AN IDEAL SPOT

is evidence that this spot is the Mecca of many pilgrims. As we proceed the road is beautifully shaded and we walk the horses, although they know in what direction they are headed, and are impatient to reach the stable and their oats. A short detour to our right brings us to the shooting-range. Here are plenty of trees behind the target to stop the stray bullets of the raw recruits, as they fly wide of the mark. But we will not stop to count the scars.

Not far from here are



THE CASCADE ROAD



ON THE ROAD TO GUILFORD

the substantial buildings of the "Wood farm" and the "Hunt farm." Returning to the road which we just left, and giving the horses the reins, we come in a few minutes to the top of Cemetery hill and look upon the landscape reposing in the soft light



IN EAST GUILFORD

of the setting sun, then down the hill to the end of our journey, to think and to dream of nature in her loveliest haunts and brightest moods.

A TALE OF THE MOUNTAIN

There was once an Indian of the fierce Iroquois, who showed the white feather in battle, and moreover in battle with one of the wild Algonquin tribes, whom his own warlike and invincible race had ever held in contempt. Scarcely had the painted foreheads of the Algonquins emerged above the crest of the hill where the

Iroquois lay in ambush, their fierce eyes gleaming out between the leaves, their tomahawks and scalping-knives ready, when the young Indian, whose first battle it was, scrambled to his feet, and fled before the very eyes of the enemy.

The ambush was discovered too soon, and it had nearly gone hard with the Iroquois; but

finally they went home in triumph with Algonquin scalps at their belts and many captives, and found the cowardly warrior hiding in the lodge of his mother.



THE CASCADE

The old squaw threatened in the faces of the painted warriors, with her skinny fingers, and lied, declaring her son was not there, and they should not enter. But they forced their way past her, and there he lay under his mother's blanket, and a pile of her wampum-work. He was very young, scarcely more than a child, and slender as a girl, and his eyes were mild and timid as a deer's. They dragged him forth and jeered at him, and taunted him, with his old mother shrilly expostulating.

His father stood by sullenly and said nothing; but it would have gone harder with the boy, had it not been for him, for he was a mighty warrior in his tribe, and that very day had slain more Algonquins than any other.

On his account the boy was not slain, although he met with

a stern sentence. He was cast off from his warlike tribe forever, lest he disgrace it again, and, moreover, he was cast off under the name of a squaw, since he had hidden under a squaw's blanket.

Weetoo, they named him, and drove him out of the camp with shrill cries of "Weetoo, Weetoo!"

His old mother pleaded with them that they should wait, and give him to eat the heart of the bravest Algonquin whom they should burn that night to strengthen his courage, but they pushed her aside, and pelted after him, shouting, "Weetoo, Weetoo!"

And Weetoo fled before them, plunging through the bushes with great leaps like a deer, and their mocking cries sounded in his ears, when he was far out of hearing.

Weetoo traveled by night, and slept with his



A HAZY DAY — NEAR EAST GUILFORD



PEN OF WILD GEESE — VALLEY FAIR

eyes shut, but his ears open, by day, darting from cover to cover like a wild hare, lest an enemy espy him, snatching handfuls of berries and digging aromatic roots for food, until he came to a spot on the east bank of the Connecticut river, under Wantastiquet Mountain.

Here he built a little hut and commenced his solitary life. He hunted, or sat alone on the river-banks for long days, fishing. At night the smoke of his hearth-fire sent up its solitary spiral in the wilderness, and he crouched beside it, brooding over what had happened to him.

Always in his ears sounded that mocking cry of "Weetoo, Weetoo!" and sometimes the savage blood of his fighting father boiled in his head, and he shouted a war-cry, and brandished his hatchet at the smoky shadows in his hut, as if they had been his

tormentors. And then the gentle, and timorous heart, which his mother, who had herself been a captive from one of the mild Algonquin tribes, had given him, overcame him, and the tears streamed from his mild, soft eyes.

Weetoo lived alone on the bank of the river for many years, and no one discovered him, for his hut was well hidden, and he was cautious. Sometimes he saw from his hiding-place a file of Indians go by, sometimes he heard their shouts from the distance, otherwise he saw no human face, and heard no human voice. And he had well-nigh forgotten how to speak himself, and made for the most part, only



HIGH SCHOOL



AMONG THE SAW-MILLS

inarticulate shout of triumph, at the game he killed in his solitary hunts. But one word he never forgot, and that was his squaw name, Weetoo. That rang always in his ears and sometimes he shouted it aloud to himself, and scarcely knew whether it was his own voice or another's.

And it happened one spring morning, when the alders were white with flowers, and all the Connecticut valley was putting forth leaves and blossoms, and the river ran high and very loud, that Weetoo paddled across in a canoe which he had made, and landed at the spot where Brattleboro now stands. He had a mind to hunt on the west side of the river that day. But when he had landed and drawn up his canoe on the bank, suddenly the old gnawing shame at his heart overcame him, and he sat himself down under a



BAPTIST CHURCH — WEST BRATTLEBORO



THE FISK MONUMENT

tree, and remained there sullenly for a long time, with his squaw name ringing in his ears.

Then, all at once, the strains of his warlike father asserted itself within him, and he rose up furious, and raged up and down the river-bank.

"Weetoo, Weetoo!" he shouted in fierce derision, as if he would

throw back the taunting name in the faces of his enemies, and then he heard a voice from the mountain opposite answer back.— "Weetoo." Out from the green mountain forests full of misty shadows, and sparkling dewlights, the voice came. And it came again, and again, when the Indian shouted "Weetoo"— "Weetoo."

Weetoo launched his canoe, and sprang in, and paddled to the opposite bank, and all day long he searched the mountain, raging with the thirst of blood, for at last the stain of cowardice was gone from his soul. And he found

three Algonquins who had strayed from a hunting-party, and he attacked them single-handed, and slew them all, and that night he slept peacefully in his hut.

But the next morning he crossed again to the west side of the river, thinking he would hunt, and once more he sent out a shout of "Weetoo, Weetoo." This time there was in it a note of triumph over the slain Algonquins, for he doubted not that they had somehow heard of his shame and taunted him from the mountain-side. But to his dismay the voice answered back again from the dewy mountain recesses,

"Weetoo."

Then Weetoo went mad with rage, and the soft heart of his mother no longer beat in his bosom, and he hunted over the mountain, day after day, from morning till night, and he killed every living



WASHINGTON STREET



MYRTLE STREET

thing that he found upon it; stray Indians, and bears, and deer, and all the rattlesnakes which had crawled out thus early from the rock-ledges to the south. Then back he would paddle to the west bank of the river, and shout furiously—"Weetoo," and always the jeering voice answered him from the green mountain pastures. And at last it happened that the old Indian gave one great cry of despair, for he knew at last that it was the mountain itself, which mocked him, and he could never silence it, and he threw himself into the river, and his body floated away out of sight, with the swift current.

But Wantastiquet Mountain will still answer "Weetoo" when one shouts it like the Indian, on the west bank of the river.

Mary S. Wilkins.

Scenes must be beautiful which daily viewed
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.
Cowper.



WESTERN AVENUE, NEAR THE WATER TOWER

A RIDE TO WEST BRATTLEBORO

West Brattleboro was the first settled of the two villages which comprise the town. It is nearest the geographical centre, and was the headquarters of social, business and religious interests. The East Village, however, had superior advantages on account of a water-way and water-power.

When flat-boat navigation on the Connecticut river had become established, certain leading spirits in this part of the town bent their energies to its development and it soon

far surpassed the West Village in business and population. When in 1849, the railroad was opened, its growth was stimulated and its leadership assured.

But let not the reader suppose that the West Village is a dilapidated hamlet smitten with the blight of decay.



ON THE "THAYER ROAD"

If it cannot claim the rush of traffic and pleasure to be found in its sister village, it is still a thrifty community, rich in associations, and offering not a few compensations to those who desire a quiet residence within easy

reach of the centre of business.

The writer took a leisurely ride through it, and desires to record the interested and impartial impressions of a stranger.

After reaching the top of the hill on High street the traveller comes to a high plateau, where the road is broad and level.



THE BRIDGE AT WEST BRATTLEBORO



WESTERN AVENUE

This road is called Western avenue, and extends to and through the West Village where, bending slightly, it is known as the road to Marlboro. At the beginning of this avenue just above the residence of Mr. Crowell the attention of the lover of the picturesque is attracted to the junction of Union street with the Avenue. The bank here toward the south is very steep and is thickly covered with trees and bushes. The valley of Whetstone Brook is just below, and across the brook on a natural terrace are the shops of the Estey Organ Company.

There are many substantial residences on both sides of the road, as we proceed, prominent

among them being the home of Judge H. H. Wheeler. The judge, although not a native of the town, has in many years of residence thoroughly identified himself with its interests. He knows this region thoroughly and is an authority on historical matters, in which

he takes a deep interest. At Centreville we come to a locality crowded with associations of the early days. We are attracted by the pleasant shady road, and the school-house, always a significant index in any community.

Crossing the covered bridge over Whetstone Brook, we find ourselves in West Brattleboro. On the left is the Congregational church, a neat, modern-looking building, although the society which it shelters was



THE CENTREVILLE SCHOOL-HOUSE

PICTURESQUE

organized about 1770. This was the "mother church" of the town. Much interesting material has been gathered about Rev. Abner Reeve, the first pastor, and the events of the early times. Beside the church are the buildings and grounds of the old "Academy." The original building was erected in 1802 by a joint stock company. Many of the college graduates of Brattleboro were fitted for college here. It still continues its work under the name of the Glenwood Classical Seminary. The sham fights of the June trainings took place on the green in front of the buildings; and old residents repeat stories of the thrilling "exhibitions," which were given by the students in the old meeting-house. A little farther, on the corner of the Bonnyvale road, stands the Gothic cottage, the residence of Rev. Lewis Grout. Mr. Grout is the historian of the church



HAYES HOUSE — WEST BRATTLEBORO

to which reference has been made. He has published two valuable discourses, the results of much research, covering the history from the early times to 1819.

Across the street is the Baptist church. It is but a short distance to the end of Western avenue; and there, almost facing the street is the old "Hayes house" a



THE BONNYVALE ROAD

large, broad-fronted homestead, built more than a century ago. Six generations in direct line have lived upon or near its site.

It is a place to which the national historian must look with interest as the birthplace of the father of one of the honored Presidents of the nation—Rutherford B. Hayes.

Rutherford Hayes, a blacksmith, came to town in 1778. He married Chloe Smith, who was a native of Hadley, Mass., but who moved to Brattleboro when a child. She was in her seventeenth year when she married. She matured into a noble



THE OLD SEMINARY — WEST BRATTLEBORO

Christian woman. One of their sons, Rutherford Hayes, Jr., became a merchant, and amassed a competence.

He removed about five years before his death to Delaware, O., where, after his death, his son, Rutherford B. Hayes, was born.



THE END OF WESTERN AVENUE



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH — WEST BRATTLEBORO

There are many reminiscences of Chloe Smith, the grandmother of President Hayes.

This good woman kept a diary, which was preserved, and many extracts from it are of much interest. A correspondent wrote from this house an interesting letter to the Fremont, Ohio, Journal several years ago, a portion of which we quote: —

Looking again into the fascinating diary we find that "Six daughters and three sons lived to marry and have families. None lived more than fifty miles from us till Rutherford

moved to Ohio. In about five years he died, when he was thirty-five years old. His youngest child, Rutherford, was named after his father, and grandfather. That branch of our family is but little known by the other connection — they have been at such a distance." The italics in that sentence are my own.

In the antiquity room are many relics of long past days. There is the little trunk, not large enough for a modern doll, in which great-grandfather brought hither his sole earthly possessions; the cradle in which all his children were rocked, spinning-wheel and cards, and best of all the old swinging tavern sign.

The last was discovered a few years ago by one of the present generation who found it under the attic eaves. It bears the inscription:

R. HAYES
Entertainment,

with a gorgeous painting of a jockey in yellow small clothes and black top-boots, holding a spirited steed. Under the R. Hayes, and evidently the remains of earlier decorations, appear the dates of 1775 and 1791. For more than one hundred years the old house has stood here, and to the initiated its doors open as freely and as widely as in the days of "Auld lang syne."

It should be noted that the senior Rutherford Hayes in his later years combined the occupations of farmer and tavern-keeper.

In our journeying thus far we have



POTATO LANE — WEST BRATTLEBORO

not forgotten Round Mountain, always a pleasing feature of the landscape. The towns-people declare that sunset is caused by the rolling of the orb of day down the western side of this mountain. Turning to the left we ascend the hill and pause at the village cemetery. A little farther is the alms-house. Knowing what was before us we felt like quoting Will Carleton's lines,

"Over the hill to the poor-house,"
but on reaching it all lugubrious thoughts fled at sight of the neat and comfortable premises. Here we turn to the Bonnyvale road, and enjoy



A BRIDGE — WHETSTONE BROOK



A BONNYVALE PASTURE

picturesque views of brooks and trees and pastures. This road was christened with its present romantic name by Rev. Mr. Grout, within a few years. It was formerly called "the pound road" because it led to the "pound," an enclosure for stray cattle, which was maintained in old times. As we return toward town we pass a road on our right which we did not notice in coming. It is a pleasant road, but the old name of "Potato Lane" still clings to it, and this in spite of the mocking euphony of the seminary students, who call it "Tuber avenue."

At Centreville we turn and crossing the bridge near the old sewing-machine factory,

return to town by the "brook road." Many are the glimpses of beauty mingled, as we approach the East Village, with evidences of business life. As we ride by the bank of the stream, quiet enough it is this summer day; but those who know it do not always trust it, for copious rains and melting snow swell it to turbulence and then woe to whatever opposes its course. We make a short detour to visit "Swedeville" to see



THE CEMETERY — WEST BRATTLEBORO

the little church which these enterprising people have just completed. It is literally set upon a hill, and its light should shine afar. On the main road again we pass the slender foot-bridge across the brook, and with Western avenue far above us on the high bank on our left, we ride



ROUND MOUNTAIN, FROM WEST BRATTLEBORO

under the willows on Williams street, to the foot of Union street. Here, turning sharply, we cross the bridge and ride up the hill to the right, to explore Esteyville, which we have so often viewed from a distance. This is a newly settled part of the town and, as its name implies, owes its origin and growth to the great organ industry which has contributed much to the prosperity of Brattleboro. After the great freshet of 1869, which swept away a large amount of valuable lumber belonging to the Estey concern, Mr. Estey at once purchased the large tract of farming and pasture land, the site of the present settlement, and began the erection of the factories, which are the most extensive of their kind in the world.

Driving along the

highway on the broad terrace in front of the works we are impressed with the capacity of the eight long buildings which stand in a row, the end of each facing the street. But we are told that there are other buildings in the rear, some of which are larger than those in front.

It was a gala day in Brattleboro when on Wednesday, August 17, 1892, the completion of the two hundred and fifty thousandth organ was celebrated by the company and the citizens. Turning from the shops we drive around the streets to enjoy the beautiful views which greet us at every turn, and to notice the dwellings, most of which are owned and occupied by the workmen and their families. It is a pretty picture. Here are no squalid "tenements" where the poorly-paid "help" of a great corporations are herded, but everywhere the indications of skilled labor, intelligent, well-paid and well-

housed. Here the labor "agitator" and the "walking delegate" would find their occupation gone. The relations existing between employers and employees are not only peaceful but cordial. There are men here who have grown old in the employ of the company. Our artist



A SMALL SHOP — WEST BRATTLEBORO



SAWING WOOD

found some pleasant spots, and has given us the results. A park presented by Ex-Governor Fuller, a member of the firm, is much appreciated.

We drive down Organ street to Canal and back to the stable, well pleased with what we have seen.

Those who are familiar with the Brook road and desire variety turn from that road near Centreville and following the road past the Clark farm pass behind Esteyville to the south and return to Main street on the Guilford road and Canal street. It is evident from these pages that the artist went also over this route in his travels.

'Mid the hills ;
Bathing, laving, all in gladness —
Not a single tone of sadness
Sends its thrills upon the hills.

List ecstatic chorus singing !
Songsters arrowy flights are winging
O'er the hills ;
Seems not wing'd grace the fleeter,
And the liquid notes the sweeter —
Flights and trills upon the hills ?

Zephyrs through the forest sighing,
Voice of tuneful waters vieing
'Mid the hills ;
Sighs that burdened heart can lighten
For their swell and cadence heighten
Songs of rills upon the hills.

Subtile perfumes, softly stealing,
Laden promises of healing,
From the hills ;
Wealth ungarnered, yet not wasted
If but single soul hath tasted
Strength that fills upon the hills.

Vault of azure ! type unfading
For the changeful tints pervading



UNDER THE WILLOWS — WILLIAMS STREET

EXALTED

BY GEORGE A. HINES

When o'er upland summits ranging,
Summer's glow on the unchanging
Vales and hills ;
How the heart is stirred with pleasure
As th' uplifted thought doth measure
Joys — not ills — upon the hills.

Sunshine flooding from the Giver
Makes each spacious open quiver

Vales and hills ;
To the mind the blue is fairer,
And the flush of earth tints rarer,
When it wills upon the hills.

Choicest of harmonious blending
Is the tide of summer lending
To the hills ;
And great Nature's peace is pressing
On responsive souls its blessing,
As it stills upon the hills.

When at upland vantage sitting,
Cloudlet shadows swiftly flitting
O'er the hills;
Life expands to larger measure,
And the quickened heart hath pleasure
Void of ills upon the hills.

A VIEW OF BRATTLEBORO IN
1846

From "Backley's Vermont"

"The best view of the village at one glance is from the burying ground on the summit of the hill south. The main travel used formerly to go directly by it, but improvements have turned it to the



AT CENTREVILLE



A FOOT BRIDGE

distinct, not the less attractive; mellowed and enriched, so to speak, by the distance and by its alternate coming to and going from your eyes, as you pass the hills and valleys, the openings and thickets of West Mountain river road. If along this sequestered route your ride should be in November, after the frost has changed the leafy bowers of the

right. If then you would enjoy the enchanting prospect from it, so highly commended by Prof. Sillman in his tour to Canada, you must ascend the hill. It is a consecrated spot, and you will be richly repaid for your toil, and in self communion amid the mementoes of your predecessors to eternity, and emblems of mortality, your spirit may be benefited. The next most eligible direction from which to view it, is the New Hampshire side of the river as you come down the stage road from Chesterfield. Indeed here is presented the most comprehensive view of it, if less



THE BROOK ROAD

forest into ten thousand various hues and tinges of color, inimitable to art and indescribable; contrasting with the hours of business and busy abodes of men, the beautiful and significant

regions as Vermont; the almost endless variety and contrariety of scenery; ever varying and diversified prospects.

Burlington has been described in another place as unrivaled in its prospects, elevated and majestic. Brattleboro, in the other transverse extreme of the state, is almost concealed by the surrounding mountains and hills, in a sequestered winding valley, lying in part on the very banks of the Connecticut, beautiful and far-famed river, of which it has been said in poetry,

"Nor drinks the sea a lovelier wave than thine."

Leaving that bank, it winds its way up one upland ridge and level after another, and between the hills and the creek passing through

it spreads over a surface of almost boundless variety of shapes and picturesque aspects. On its northern border runs along toward the very centre a beautiful white oak ridge, whose trees afford a cool retreat from the heat of summer,



OAK STREET, FROM HIGH

scenery around you must interest your feelings, if not penetrate your hearts.

The approach to this village by the three great roads on the Vermont side, north, south and west, is so overshadowed by hills and woodland, and windings of the road, that it breaks upon your view at once. The stranger from the south especially, might begin to think he had missed his way. He saw no suburbs and no appearance of the expected village, till his doubts were removed by the white spire of the church running up alone amid the green foliage, and glistening in the sun, a harbinger of rest to the weary, and pointing homeward the pilgrim.

Brattleboro has not the advantage of overlooking the surrounding country, and of extensive prospects enjoyed by elevated situations.

Between it and Burlington the contrast in this respect is almost perfect. Both afford the highest pleasure in contemplation, but in a different way. This is the great secret of the unfailing enjoyment expressed in visiting such



RESIDENCE OF F. W. CHILDS

and a protection from the blasts of winter. West Mountain overhangs the opposite bank of the river, an impressive spectacle as the night-fall throws her shadows, and as the moon sheds her mellowed light around it. These and many

other similar things, which need seeing to be enjoyed; the walks and scenery up and down the Connecticut and the contiguous West river, render it a place peculiarly attractive. Such is the testimony, it is believed, of candid travelers who visit it.

Its situation is also favorable in a business point of view, being facile of approach to the surrounding country, heavy articles of produce flowing easily down the valley of West river, and the adjoining fertile hills. Much profitable intercourse comes readily to it along both banks and on the surface of the river. It is thus a business, flourishing place, presaging still greater future prosperity and distinction; and affords a specimen not inadequate at any rate, of the first-class of Vermont villages. The inhabitants also furnish a fair sample, as in other respects, so of the enterprise and resources found in them."



MLLE. STELLA BRAZZI

MLLE. STELLA BRAZZI

Mrs. Harriett Brazor Pratt, known in the operatic world as Mlle. Stella Brazzi, although four years of age when her parents came to Brattleboro, is looked upon by her towns-people as a native born. At the early age of six she showed such decided musical gifts that her study of the piano commenced almost immediately. She was called upon when she was but thirteen to fill the contralto place in a quartette choir in one of the local churches, and from that time sang in church until her departure for Europe in December, 1888. After the introduction of music into the public schools in Brattleboro, Mrs. Pratt was the teacher up to the time of her marriage. Prior to her departure for Europe she was married to Edmund R. Pratt, a

Brattleboro business man, who accompanied his wife abroad and has most zealously superintended her studies. All of Mrs. Pratt's musical training thus far had been pursued with the purpose of making her a thorough musician, the voice having received little attention. Soon after her arrival in Paris, and while trying to decide on the right teacher, she heard some artists at the Grand Opera, who were pupils of the Italian *mastro*, Gbriglia, and being much pleased with the manner in which they produced their voices, she sought for, and obtained, an interview with the illustrious master. After having heard her sing he consented to take her as a pupil. She pursued her vocal studies most diligently, at the same time working hard at both French and Italian, and she now knows all her *roles* in both languages. After nearly four years' study Mrs. Pratt made her debut in Bordeaux, France, in *La Favorite* with gratifying success. She remained there six months, always singing with success. From Bordeaux she went to London and sang in concerts and drawing-rooms during the season. In the fall of 1893, she made a three-months' tour in the provinces in England and Ireland. After the tour was finished she returned to France and sang in a number of provincial towns in Grand Opera always meeting with splendid

success. Mrs. Pratt's voice is a rich, brilliant contralto with the mezzo-soprano range, which is absolutely necessary in singing the operatic contralto *roles* of the present day. Combined with a grand voice, she has a natural inborn histrionic talent (rare with singers) which will enable her to rank among the leading artists of the future. In addition to the old Italian repertory she has twenty operas at her command, principal among them being *Aida*, *Le Prophete*, *La Favorite*, *Samson and Delilah*, *Lohengrin*, *Tannhauser*, etc., etc. Mlle. Brazzi is engaged at Nice, France, for the Grand Opera season of 1894-5, where she will create the contralto *roles* in two or three new works as well as singing the regular repertory. Mrs. Pratt's natural gifts are so great and her studies have been so earnest and so thorough that there can be little doubt of her future.

BRATTLEBORO NORTH-END

Passing up Main street to the northern part of the town of Brattleboro the visitor comes to a dividing of the way occasioned by the presence of one of those picturesque knolls characteristic in many places of Brattleboro scenery. Here the line of travel separates, to the right and left of this flat-iron shaped promontory, in two apparently equal avenues; that to the right being known as North Main street, the one to the left as Asylum street. Just at this dividing point stands the handsome memorial fountain (Page 40) erected by the late Henry Wells, Esq., a descendant of the old-time Rev. William Wells, a minister of the Gospel in Brattleboro from 1794 to 1819. The site of this fountain, where the tired horses in the hot summer days eagerly quench their thirst, is the spot on which, on the morning of New Years day, 1857, the surprised villagers saw the snow-image of the Recording Angel, which gave the first public revelation of the genius of Larkin G. Mead, the since distinguished sculptor



A QUAIN ROOM — HOUSE OF COLONEL MILES

in more enduring material. Working industriously through the early morning hours of that January's opening day, young Mead, with the assistance of a helper, had moulded in fair proportions out of plastic snow a beautiful female form, which broke on the eyes of the early passers-by almost as a visitor from another atmosphere, and which lingered in the frosty succeeding days nearly a fortnight, with scarcely diminished attractiveness.

Above the fountain on



ON OAK STREET



RESIDENCES OF H. L. AND S. B. EMERSON

the pleasant knoll stands the house of Mr. E. P. Carpenter (Page 24), occupying the site of a former picturesque, low cottage, which older inhabitants will remember as the residence of the kind-hearted village doctor of fifty years ago, Dr. John L. Dickerman.

Taking now the left-hand avenue, and leaving behind, on the hill-top at the west side of the street, the commodious but not architecturally very beautiful high school-house (Page 58), where successive classes of village boys and girls struggle

with the same mysteries of grammar and mathematics which perplexed their fathers and mothers on the same spot before them, though in a far more interesting looking building, the visitor follows up Asylum street on the way which leads forward to Newfane. At the top of the gradual ascent stands one of the older landmarks of the town, the house now occupied in summer by Rev. Geo. L. Walker and his son Professor Williston Walker of Hartford, Connecticut, and which was built in 1814, by Dr. Willard Arms, a successful medical practitioner of



FROST STREET



NORTH MAIN STREET

that early and blood-letting day. Stories of Dr. A.'s readiness with the lancet are current yet among gray-headed survivors of the period to which he ministered. The house has been successively the home of two venerable and honored citizens of the place, both presidents of



WILLISTON STREET

banking institutions in the village. Epaphro Seymour and Nathan B. Williston, from the latter of whom the place descended to its present occupants.

Straight across the street from this building is the pleasant cottage of Mr. John Howe (Page 72); once the home of Madam Higginson, the mother of the author Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and for many years after her departure, of her daughter, one of the most cultivated and interesting of women who have

ever made society in this place brighter and better by presence in it. The quiet-colored building, half hid by the hedge, well symbolizes the modesty of the quaint, unusual character which made that spot her abode; and where those who had an entrance found a taste and



ASYLUM STREET

refinement, an intelligence and sturdy sense, which lent the place almost above any other an attraction. Descended from the old Puritan first minister of Salem, Francis Higginson, who came to this country in 1629, one could but feel that more than two hundred and fifty years of gentle breeding had gone into the making of that quiet home.

Passing onward up Asylum street one gets a pleasant glimpse to the left up Williston street (Page 71) of a section of the village which has sprung into thick-settled habitation within half a dozen years. The same is true of the vista which opens at Chapin street corner (Page 33) a little further on. These attractive dwellings, from that of Hon. J. L. Martin on the southern side as far as one can see westerly, are all on ground which ten years ago was pasture land, owned by

one of the older families of the place, whose memory is appropriately preserved in the name of the street on which these cheerful habitations stand.

The visitor now reaches the south-west corner of the common, fronting which on the left is the best specimen of Colonial architecture which the village boasts. The house, (Page 33) now owned by Mr. Arthur Childs, was built in 1825 by Deacon John Holbrook, an early resident of the town and one of its most influential and active citizens.

The variety of Mr. Holbrook's enterprises at that early day and in this then remote and almost frontier town, indicates a certain largeness of character. He was a successful West Indian trader, bringing his goods by ocean vessels to Hartford, and thence by the old flat-bottomed boats which used to ply up and down the Con-



RESIDENCE OF N. I. HAWLEY



TYLER STREET

necticut between Hartford and Brattleboro. He was a successful publisher of important volumes; manufacturing the paper used in their composition, and undertaking risks in their issue for which he was regarded as almost foolhardy by publishers in the cities. He was a leader in the community and in the church for many years;



RESIDENCE OF RICHARDS BRADLEY



LOOKING EAST FROM TOWER IN RETREAT PARK

and not the least of his contributions to the public welfare was his fatherhood of sons and daughters who have been influential and useful in the world, among whom are still living, Frederick, the "War Governor" of the state in the Rebellion era, and John C., a distinguished Congregational minister.

Spreading out in front of the old Holbrook house is the village Common, in the centre of which stands the Soldiers' Monument (Page 26). The Common has within the last fifty years been adorned by the growth of elms and pines and trees of various kinds,

till it has become attractive and ornamental. But older villagers can remember how, before that date, the wind swept unbroken across its bare surface, unchecked save by the gaunt old church edifice, which, built in

1816 and removed in 1842, used to stand in the middle of the barren plain. Behind it were the horse-sheds of the remoter attendants at the place of worship; and underneath it was a cavernous basement open to the north, wherein were kept a couple of brass field-pieces, of which the story ran that they had been used in the Napoleon wars. Sitting astride of them the boys used to conjure up in imagination the scenes of bloody frays in which they were fancied to have borne a part. And some of these boys, now grown to gray-haired village sires, can remember the excitement which stirred them when the old



CHASE STREET

PICTURESQUE

church took fire one summer day in 1840! the occasion of it being the careless throwing of a lighted fuse into his father's barn by a boy who had been firing a cannon out on the river-bank, in honor of Daniel Webster's presence in the town in the Harrison campaign; or the different and soberer awe which filled them, a few months later, at seeing the old church draped in black, on the occasion of the President's memorial services.

But while the visitor to the pleasant Common stands by the monument which records the names of battles in which Brattleboro's sons who died in the Rebellion took an honorable part, sees none of these things of which the older memories tell, he will be rewarded, looking northward, by one of the pleasantest landscapes his eyes can look upon. Below are the successive levels of the water-deposited meadow-grounds, which form a curious feature of the scenery about the village in many places. Beyond are glimpses of the



THE CHESTERFIELD ROAD

larger river forces its stronger current to receive the contribution of its lesser tributaries and the whole so broken in outline, so graceful in proportion, and so varied in the coloring of woodland, pasturage and cultivated fields, that it presents a spectacle of changeful and perpetual delight.

Returning to Asylum street on the pilgrimage northward, a glimpse is caught of the picturesque corner of Chase street (Page 73) and of the little

school-house, in which, though not always in this precise location, the children of this northern portion of the village for at least eighty

years have received the rudiments of their education. Over the school-house roof, on the wooded hillside beyond, rises the graceful proportions of the battlemented tower, which recalls the memory of one of the most valued citizens of the later history of the town—Dr. Joseph Draper, whose recent death deprived the institution over which he presided, of a most wise and skillful counsellor, and the town of one of its most public-spirited inhabitants. This tower was one of his pleasant fancies, built in the summer months of successive years to crown the hillside pathways which he laid out through the woods, and was only completed after his lamented departure.

Passing now down the hill, which drops away rapidly from the Chase street corner, the extensive buildings and grounds of the Brattleboro Retreat are seen on either side of the way. This institution, which was opened



THE RIVER ABOVE THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE

West river, and of the winding passages through the hills down which it flows to reach the Connecticut, about a mile and a half away. More easterly are the bolder hills among which the

for the reception of patients in December, 1836, at first occupied only a mansion house, adapted for the purpose, on the west side of the street, once occupied by William Fessenden, the part-



A RIVER VISTA

ner in business of Deacon John Holbrook before mentioned. By successive buildings, however, and repeated enlargements it has become a modern and a model institution affording a quiet retreat with skilled attendance for the relief and cure of those unfortunates for whom it was established. To some small extent the State of Vermont has been its patron : contributing in a degree to its support, and gaining thereby a right to send certain classes of public patients to its care. But the chief reliance of the institution for its maintenance has been private benevolence and above all the

administrative abilities of its superintendents. In the selection of these officers the Retreat has been singularly fortunate. Its first officer in this capacity, Dr. William H. Rockwell, who continued in the discharge of his functions from the foundation of the institution for thirty-six

years, was a man of far-sighted and vigorous executive force. His administrative capacity was largely the source of the prosperity and enlargement which has attended the history of this great sanitary and benevolent organization. Under his wise guidance the landed possessions of the institution have widely extended, till they cover about all the territory on both sides of the way northward for several miles, as well as extensive tracts across the river in New Hampshire. The buildings, both of the main structure and those appertaining to the outlaying farm territory, were, under his superintendency, either built or greatly enlarged; and much of the ornamentation of the place by the planting of trees, the laying out of walks, and the grading of grounds either accomplished or planned for and begun. As a result the surroundings of the institution are as attractive and cheerful (Pages 83, 85, 86, 88) as are those of almost any similar institutions in the country, while the standard of results attained in the particular ministry for which the whole enterprise is



THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE

devised, has always been satisfactorily high. Upon Dr. Rockwell's retirement from his active superintendency he was awhile succeeded by his son, Dr. William Rockwell, who however retired after a comparatively short period of service, and was followed in 1873 by Dr. Joseph

Draper. Under Dr. Draper's guidance the development of the institution took on somewhat altered forms. More attention was given to the finer cultivation and adornment of the outlying premises of the Retreat; the laying out walks and quiet resting-places for invalids; and especially in providing cottages remote from the

home through the stately old elms which hang above it, may be discerned the pleasant nook by the roadside, where as long as man can remember, have bubbled up the waters of the Cold Spring (Pages 83, 85) at which the travelers of all these years have in passing been wont to stop and drink.

Going northward from this place, and passing still along woods or fields owned by the Retreat and affording many pleasant views of hillside or grove, one comes, half a mile or more further on, to the kindred establishment, called the Men's Home, still more retired from the public thoroughfare, and nestled in the borders of a grove of pines. It cannot be doubted that these provisions for a little summer outing for the invalids of the Retreat do something at least to ameliorate the monoto-



BROOK ON THE CHESTERFIELD ROAD

institution, though still upon its distant grounds, where a change, as to a summer home, might be afforded to those to whom alteration of scene might be a benefit. The first of these summer homes was one designed for women, on a picturesque spot chosen long years ago by Rev. William Wells, the early English pastor of the Congregational church, as the site of his dwelling. His house, remodeled indeed and enlarged some years since for the purpose of a military school, under the charge of Col. Miles, and still further added to for its present use, affords admirable provision for the humane purpose cherished by Dr. Draper. The building (Page 86, 87) looks down upon the green expanse of the Retreat meadows, and the shining current of the West river; while beyond rises the wooded height of Wantastiquet, on the other side of the Connecticut, in New Hampshire.

Seen in glimpses from the Woman's

nous tedium of their lot, and tend certainly to their recovery. The soothing sound of the swift running river, the murmur of the trees, the sight of sweet fields, and verdure-covered hills, (Page 75, 85) make this whole region of the village, to whose extreme north-western



ON PROSPECT STREET

outskirts the observer has now come, attractive and winsome.

But it is time to return to our point of departure at the Wells Fountain, to follow the other line of traverse into the northern division of the village of Brattleboro.

Directly eastward from the fountain on Main street the visitor gains a glimpse into one of the pleasantest precincts of the town, down Walnut street; a section mainly of private homes, though possessing the public buildings of the Catholic church (Page 23), the parish house of the priest, and the Home of the Sisters of a religious order. Here, too, for many years has been the home of Ex-Governor Holbrook, and on the corners nearest the fountain is the house of Dr. Holton, and the hospitable home of Mrs. Kirkland; at the latter of which, stranger-visitors to the town are, more than anywhere else, likely to find a resting-



"MAPLWOOD"—RESIDENCE OF B. S. BAILEY

Scats have been provided here for those who like to watch the swift-flowing river just below, or the changeful play of light and shadow on the mountain across it, or the farther sweep of the graceful hills melting into the southern distance in Massachusetts.

Passing up from this resting-place to Terrace street, appropriately so named from its manifest water-made uplift from the level below, one passes the entrance to Tyler street, and not only gains a glimpse through a pleasant thoroughfare, (Page 72) and a point of vantage from which the prospect down the river is seen at one of its best disclosures (Page 27), but is



A WOOD ROAD

place whose comfort will prolong their stay.

Out at the end of Walnut street, where it seems to turn sharply on itself to the northward up the alluvial acclivity to Terrace street and Tyler street above, is one of the pleasantest spots in the limits of the place for the presented view.

also reminded of a family whose history has been one of the honorable possessions of the town for nearly a century. Judge Royal Tyler, one of the most eminent of Vermont's jurists and one of the most celebrated of her wits and poets, whose son, Judge Royal, the second, has his

PICTURESQUE

residence at this point, was a man of singular gifts, both as a publicist and an author. He was the writer of the first American play ever produced on the stage, entitled, "The Contract, a Comedy in five acts." It was brought out at the Park theatre in New York in the winter of 1788-9, and had a successful run of several weeks. It was subsequently printed at Philadelphia, and among the names of the subscribers which appear in the pamphlet are those of George Washington,

Aaron Burr, General Knox, Edmund Randolph, Baron Steuben and many others of national celebrity. Judge Tyler died Aug. 16, 1826, and lies burial in the beautiful cemetery at the other end of the town. Sons of his have been identified with Brattleboro's history ever since the father's removal to the place; Dr. George P. Tyler having been for several years pastor of the Congregational church in the village; Thomas P., having been an Episcopal clergyman resident here a long time; and Judge Royal Tyler, the second, being still, as for a protracted period hitherto, the Probate Judge and County Clerk for the Courts of Windham county. A daughter of Judge Tyler, the first, was also for many years the principal of a female seminary at this north-end of the village, at which a large number of the young women of the place and many from abroad, fifty years ago, received not only a substantial education, but the impulse and cultivation of contact with a refined and intelligent character.

Passing through Terrace street (Page 16) and by the doorways of some of the most pleasantly situated of Brattleboro homes (Page 68) the visitor finds himself once more in North Main

street (Page 71), from which he had diverged at the fountain; and once more at the Common; though this time on its eastern rather than its western side (Page 27). Here he sees on the right the Congregational church parsonage, and further on the house of Mr. N. I. Hawley (Page 72) and Mr. A. D. Wyatt (Page 26) and of Captain Devens; the last named of which was for many years the home of Asa Keyes, Esq., one of the most noted jurists of the county and picturesque characters of the place. At Judge Keyes' death he was Vermont's oldest justice of the peace, oldest Free

Mason, oldest lawyer, and the oldest graduate of Dartmouth college.

Long-time dwellers will remember this district of the town bounded by Terrace, Main, North and Tyler streets as being, comparatively only a few



A TEMPORARY SAW-MILL



WEST RIVER FROM THE NEWFANE ROAD

years ago (except for the few houses along the Main street side) a rather barren pasture, which that old citizen of the place, Mr. N. B. Williston — having in some way been forced into possession of — was glad to sell as a whole, for a

smaller sum than some single house-lots carved out of it have subsequently brought.

An almost similar transformation has taken place on the grounds now occupied by the handsome dwelling of Mr. Richards Bradley, a little farther northward to the right



VIEW FROM BLISS FARM



IN WINTER-TIME

(Page 73). Intelligence and a plentiful outlay of money have changed what was once a dry pasture, tangled with Johnswort and low blackberry vines, into the green reaches of sweet lawns and mowing fields about the Bradley mansion. The change must be ascribed, not so much to personal interest in the development of these once rather uninteresting acres for their own sakes, or for the sakes of what could be got out of them, as to filial loyalty to what an honored father had once owned. Mr. Richards Bradley's father, Jonathan Dorr Bradley, was one of the ablest lawyers and brightest men who ever made this village his home. He was, himself, son of an eminent lawyer, William C. Bradley of Westminster, and grandson of Stephen Rowe Bradley, one of

Vermont's first two senators in the Federal Congress. It was only natural pride in his gifted father's memory which made the present owner of the hill-top, on which the handsome mansion stands, cherish it as an inheritance and

transform its surroundings from barrenness to a garden.

Going northward as the North Main street of the village runs out into the Putney-road of the highway, and crossing the ridge where it drops down to the West river, one comes to the summer home of Dorman B. Eaton, Esq., the New York lawyer and distinguished Civil Service reformer. The house half hides itself behind hedges and under overhanging trees (Page 88), affording a quiet retreat and resting-place for a man busied most of the year in city turmoil and noise. But an old-time inhabitant passing by has rising up before his memory, the vision of another sort of dweller

there than its present urbane occupant; and recalls the figure of stout old Farmer Pettes, red-faced and whip in hand, urging his yoke of



"BEECHWOOD"—RESIDENCE OF MRS. J. N. BAILESTIER

oxen about the place; or sees the Pettes' son and the neighboring Sartwell boys shooting at a mark, or perhaps at a turkey, tethered to a stake on the distant hillside.

The road from Mr. Eaton's drops rapidly down to the interesting spot where the West river glides into the Connecticut, and over the first of which rivers, cross the Three Bridges (Page 81). This is a place more admired by the lovers of the picturesque than it is by the generality of the horses which carry them to it. The highway bridge, crossing between two railway bridges in close proximity, gives plentiful chances for nervousness even on the part of a well-broken roadster and most drivers are quite willing to hurry through and leave this danger-trap behind.

But it would perhaps interest some of them to know that this highway bridge, over-topped on either side by its later railroad rivals, was the occasion long ago of a great forensic battle, in which no less a lawyer and statesman than Daniel Webster was one of the

occasion of this court-house contest, and leaving at the left the farm-house of the Bradley property across the river, one comes, at a half-mile or more further, to the turn of the road which leads



A FOREST PATH



VIEW FROM GROUNDS OF MRS. J. N. BALESTIER

counsel employed; and in which the principle involved and established was that of the right of the public to lay a highway over and through the property of a private corporation, such as the contesting bridge-owners of that time were.

Passing over and beyond the insensible

up to what has long been celebrated as one of the most beautiful of the drives in this region, the "Bliss Farm road." The slaty foundation of many of the roads about Brattleboro makes the keeping them in tolerably good order for

driving comparatively easy, and this one, especially in its upper portions, is no exception; while the continually changeful character of the nearer landscape of winding pathway, and over-hanging woods, and sparkling brook and shining water-fall, till one comes to the commanding and wide-reaching prospect from the Bliss Farm homestead itself (Page 79), makes this drive a thing of continual surprise and pleasure to the stranger, and of an undecaying charm to those who have known it longest and best.

Quarter of a mile onward by the Dummerston road from the Bliss Farm homestead, on a perhaps still wider sweeping point of observation, are the grounds of the late J. N. Balestier, Esq., a lawyer of the city of New York, who made Brattleboro the home of his later days. A man of travel, culture and wealth, he enriched this unpretentious home among these hills (Page 79) with treasures of art

which might be the envy of the collector of such treasures in any metropolis. His gathering of engravings, in particular, was notable among all similar collections in America; and in the works of certain artists, almost, if not quite, unrivalled. A man of taste in other regards, he manifested this quality in the choice of his dwelling-place, and from many a spot in the near vicinity of his home, outlooks are to be had of wide and surpassing loveliness (Page 80).

Across the way from Mr. Balestier's residence, a little farther along the road, is the picturesque dwelling (Page 82) of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the celebrated author, who, marrying into the Balestier family, has found an American home in their near proximity. His house stands about midway between the home of the grandfather of Mr. Kipling's wife and that of his wife's young brother, Beatty Balestier, (Page 77) somewhat more northerly still on the Lummerton road.

Following this way-round by the Fox brook route, which affords many a pleasant glimpse of rural landscape or quiet farm-house (Page 40), one comes on a returning circuit to a lately opened highway, leading across the Connecticut river, and running along side the New Hampshire mountain which stands over against the village of Brattleboro.

This new road affords many interesting views along the way; some of them unexpected even by those living in their near vicinity. Old excursionists by this general route will give a sigh of regret at missing the passage over the river by the old ferry-boat, and the charming road through the woods beyond; but it

considerably compensates this loss to gain instead such views (Pages 74, 75) as are afforded from and near the suspension bridge, which, at a spot little lower down, has taken the ferry's place.

Crossing the bridge onto the New Hampshire side, the soil alters to the prevalently sandy or stony quality characteristic of that state; but the road pursues its picturesque and changeful way with many a delightful glimpse of various landscapes (Pages 74, 76) till the tourist reaches the southern extremity of the "Island," and crosses



ON THE KIPLING GROUNDS

over the old turnpike bridge into Brattleboro again, at the lower portion of the town.

GEORGE LEON WALKER.

IN SIGHT OF MOUNT MONADNOCK

After the gloom of the gray Atlantic weather our ship came to America in a flood of winter sunshine that made unaccustomed eyelids blink; and the New Yorker, who is nothing if not modest, said: "This isn't a sample of our really fine days; wait until such and such times come, or go to such and such a quarter of the city." That any one should dare to call this climate muggy, yea, even "subtropical," was a



MORNING AT THE THREE BRIDGES

shock. There came such a man, and he said; "Go north if you want weather—weather that is weather. Go to New England."

So New York passed away upon a sunny afternoon, with her roar and rattle, her complex smells, her triply overheated rooms, and much too energetic inhabi-



"NAULAKHA"—RESIDENCE OF RUDYARD KIPLING

the matter, for the same American who has been telling you at length how he once followed a kilted Scots soldier from Chelsea to the Tower, out of pure wonder and curiosity at his bare knees and sporran, will laugh at your interest in "just a cutter."

The staff of the train—surely the great American nation would be lost if deprived of the ennobling society of brakeman, conductor, Pullman car conductor, negro porter, and newsboy—told pleasant tales, as they spread themselves at ease in the smoking compartment, of snowings up on the line to Montreal, of desperate attacks—four engines together and a snow-plow in front—on drifts thirty feet high, and the pleasure of walking along the tops of goods wagons to brake a train with the thermometer thirty below freezing. "It comes cheaper to kill men than to put air brakes on freight cars," said



AT THE CHESTERFIELD BRIDGE

tants, while the train went north to the land where the snow lay. It came in one sweep almost, it seemed, in one turn of the wheels, covering the winter-killed grass and turning the frozen ponds, that looked so white under the shadow of lean trees, into pools of ink.

As the night closed in, a little wooden town, white, cloaked and dumb, slid past the windows and the strong light of the car lamps fell upon a sleigh (the driver furred and muffled up to his nose) turning the corner of a street. Now, the sleigh of a picture-book, however well one knows it, is altogether different from the thing in real life, a means of conveyance at a journey's end, but it is well not to be over-curious in



a brakeman.

Thirty below freezing! It was inconceivable till one stepped out into it at midnight, and the first shock of that clear still air took away the breath as a plunge into sea water does. A walrus sitting on a woolpack was our host in his sleigh, and he wrapped us in hairy goat-skin coats, caps that came down over the ears, buffalo robes and blankets, and yet more buffalo robes, till we, too, looked like walruses and moved almost as gracefully. The night was as keen as the edge of a newly ground sword, breath froze on the coat lapels in snow, the nose became without sensation, and the eyes wept bitterly because the horses were in a hurry to get home, and whirling through the air at zero brings tears. But for the jingle of the sleigh bells the ride might have taken place in a dream, for there was no sound of hoofs upon the snow, the runners sighed a little now and again as they glided over an inequality, and all the sheeted hills round about were dumb as death. Only the Connecticut river kept up its heart and a lane of black water through the packed ice. We could see the stream worrying around the heels of its small bergs. Elsewhere there was nothing but snow under the moon—snow drifted to the level of the stone fences or curling over their tops in a tip of frosted silver; snow banked high on either side of the road or lying heavy on the pines and the hemlocks in the woods, where the air seemed, by comparison, as warm as a conservatory. It was beautiful beyond expression. Nature's boldest sketch in black and white, done



ON THE RETREAT GROUNDS

with a Japanese disregard of perspective and daringly altered from time to time by the restless pencils of the moon.

In the morning the other side of the picture was revealed in the colors of the sunlight. There was never a cloud in the sky that rested on the snow line of the horizon as a

sapphire on white velvet. Hills of pure white or speckled and furred with woods rose up above the solid white levels of the fields, and the sun rioted over their embroideries till the eyes ached. Here and there, on the exposed slopes, the day's warmth—the thermometer was nearly forty degrees—and the night's cold had made a



AT COLD SPRING

bald and shining crust upon the snow; but the most part was soft, powdered stuff, ready to catch the light on a thousand crystals and multiply it sevenfold. Through this magnificence, and thinking nothing of it, a wood-sledge, drawn by two shaggy red steers, the unbarked logs diamond-dusted with snow, shouldered down the road in a cloud of frosty breath. It is

the mark of inexperience in this section of the country to confound a sleigh which you use for riding with the sledge that is devoted to heavy work, and it is, I believe, a still greater sign of worthlessness to think oxen are driven, as they are in most places, by scientific twisting of the tail. The driver, with red mittens on his hands, felt over-stockings that come up to his knees, and perhaps a silvery-gray coonskin coat on his back, walks beside, crying, "Gee! Haw!" even as is written in the American stories.

New England depends for its fuel on the woods. The trees are "blazed" in the autumn, just before the fall of the leaf, felled later, cut into four-foot lengths, and as soon as the friendly snow makes sledging possible, drawn down to the wood-house. Afterward the needs of the farm can be attended to, and a farm, like an arch, is never at rest. A little later will come maple sugar time, when the stately maples are tapped as the sap begins to stir, and beringed with absurd little buckets (a cow being milked into a thimble gives some idea of the disproportion) which are emptied into caldrons. Afterward (this is in the time of "sugaring-off parties") you pour the boiled syrup into tins full of fresh snow, where it hardens, and you pretend to help, and eat and become very sticky and make love, boys and girls together. Even the introduction of patent sugar evaporators has not spoiled the love-making.

Twenty or thirty miles across the hills, on the

way to the Green Mountains, lie some finished chapters of pitiful stories—a few score of abandoned farms started in a lean land, held fiercely so long as there was any one to work them, and then left on the hillsides. Beyond this desolation are woods where the bear and deer still find peace, and sometimes even the beaver forgets

that he is persecuted and dares to build his lodge. These things were told me by a man who loved the woods for their own sake and not for the sake of slaughter—a quiet, low-spoken man of the West, who came across the drifts on snowshoes, and refrained from laughing when I borrowed his foot-gear and tried to walk. The gigantic lawn tennis bats, strung with hide, are not easy to maneuver. If you forget to keep the long heels down and trailing in the snow you turn over and become as a man who falls into deep water with a life belt tied to his ankles. If you lose your balance do not attempt to recover it, but drop half sitting and half kneeling over as large an area as possible. When you have mastered the wolf step, can slide one shoe above the other deftly, that is

to say, the sensation of paddling over a ten-foot-deep drift and taking short cuts by buried fences is worth the ankle-ache.

Beyond the very furthest range were the pines, turned to a faint blue haze against the white, one solitary peak—a real mountain and not a hill—showed like a gigantic thumb-nail pointing heavenward.

"And that's Monadnock," said the man from the West. "All the hills have Indian names. You left Wantastiquet on your right coming out of town."

You know how it sometimes happens that a word shuttles in and out of many years waking



EXTENSION OF CEDAR STREET



A RETREAT PASTURE

all sorts of incongruous associations. I had met Monadnock on paper in a shameless parody of Emerson's style before ever style or verse had interest for me. But the word stuck because of a rhyme in which some one was:—

—crowned coeval
With Monadnock's crest,
And my wings extended
Touch the East and West.

Later the same word, pursued on the same principle as that blessed one Mesopotamia, led me to and through Emerson up to his poem on the peak itself—the wise old giant, "busy with his sky affairs," who makes us sane and sober, and free from little things, if we trust him. So Monadnock came to mean everything that was helpful, healing, and full of quiet, and when I saw him half across New Hampshire he did not fail. In that utter stillness a hemlock bough, overweighted with snow, came down a foot or two with a tired little sigh; the snow slid off and the little branch flew nodding back to its fellows.

Next day all idleness and trifling were

drowned in a snow-storm that filled the hollows of the hills with whirling blue mist, bowed the branches in the woods till you ducked, but were powdered all the same when you drove through, and wiped out the sleighing tracks. Mother Nature is beautifully tidy if you leave her alone. She rounded off every angle, broke down every scarp, and tucked the white bed-clothes till not a wrinkle remained, up to the chins of the spruces and hemlocks that would not go to sleep.

"Now," said the man of the West, as we were driving to the station, and, alas! to New

York, "all my snow-shoe tracks are gone; but when the snow melts a week hence, or a month hence, they'll all come up again and show where I've been."



AT COLD SPRING

A curious idea, is it not? Imagine a murder committed in the lonely woods, a snow-storm that covers the tracks of the flying man before the avenger of blood has buried the body, and then a week

later the withdrawal of the traitorous snow, revealing, step by step, the path Cain took—the six-inch-deep trail of his snow-shoes—each step a dark disk on the white till the very end!

*Very sincerely yours
Rudyard Kipling*

He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty.

Lowell.



THE VEGETABLE GARDEN



ENTRANCE TO THE RETREAT

THE SCULPTOR, LARKIN G. MEAD

(See Frontispiece)

Brattleboro people tell an almost idyllic story, when reference is made to Larkin G. Mead, the distinguished sculptor, who was "brought up" in their village, and who, one bright winter morning, startled them with unique evidence of his genius.

It was the last night of December, 1856, when young Mead and two friends set about the construction of a snow image in the centre of the town. The friends had been enthusiastic believers in what they believed to be the "hidden talent" of

their companion, Mead, and after much persuasion, he had at last consented to try and see what he could do in the way of moulding a statue from snow and ice. No ordinary boys' "snow man" was this to be—no roughly-moulded figure of soft snow, clumsily stuck together, like a scarecrow, with pieces of wood and sticks carelessly inserted for eyes, nose and mouth.



THE WOMEN'S RETREAT

The young men were in earnest in their purpose to achieve something worthy of note.

The conception was Mead's. He chose his ideal of the "Recording Angel," closing the record of the year, and it was decided to locate the statue at the junction of North Main and Asylum streets. Here, close by what was then the old John Burnham foundry, Mead and his companions labored for hours, in a snowdrift, that last bitterly cold night of the dying year. Mead's friends were Edward and Henry Burnham, and while Henry kept a hot fire burning in the old foundry and supplied inspiration with sweet cider, his brother Edward assisted Mead in moulding the image. Occasional trips indoors and a seat by the blazing fire enabled them to render more plastic the most expressive portion of the statue, and joining these to the rough figure outdoors, the hands and fingers of the youthful genius kneaded and moulded them until they hardened, and his assistant occasionally poured on water, which almost instantly froze and finally gave the whole an almost adamantine covering.

The frontispiece of this book shows Mead surveying his finished work, with the aid of lantern light. Solemn, majestic and beautiful stood this snow work in the dim artificial light, yet a passing visitor, on his way home, after a careless glance from the sidewalk, made up his mind that it was only the rough work of a schoolboy, who designed to give other boys an object for snowball pelting the next morning.



LARKIN G. MEAD

But New Years day dawned bright and clear, and not long after the sun cast its dazzling rays over the mountains, inhabitants of the village discovered the magic light of genius flashing from the ice-sheeted image. Transcendently beautiful stood the "Snow Angel," in the prismatic glow of the morning sun's reflection. The early risers and pedestrians about town were amazed, when they drew near, to see what appeared at a distance like a schoolboy's work, turn to a statue of such exquisite contour and grace of form, with such delicate mouldings and dimplings in detail as to suggest the use of a chisel, and that only in a master hand. There was a serious face, rounded arms, neck and bust and waving drapery. It was a noble conception; the young sculptor had evidently endeavored to embody the serious thought which visits us while we look backward and forward from the line which separates a closing and a dying year. The passing schoolboy was awed for once, as he viewed

the result in adept handling of the elements with which he was so roughly familiar, and the thought of snowballing so beautiful an object could never have dwelt in his mind. It is related that the village simpleton was frightened and ran away, and one eccentric citizen, who rarely ever deigned a bow to his fellow-men, or women either, lifted his hat in respect after he had gazed a moment upon Mead's work.

Protected by the cold weather and the respect generally accorded to genius, the image stood

on the street until the usual "January thaw" set in, to which it naturally succumbed. During the fortnight, however, many people came from surrounding towns and some even from distant cities, to visit it. The New York Tribune and the Springfield Republican had interesting descriptions of the twice seven-days' wonder, and the exploit was considered worthy of notice even in the newspapers of foreign lands. One of the city papers said of it: "As a first work—and in the highest point—the genius to conceive and the art to express the spirit of the recording angel—this is



THE POULTRY HOUSES



IN FRONT OF THE RETREAT

a success. * * * The record of the year is made up, is finished, and the angel seems lost in meditation."

The foundation of fame was laid for Larkin G. Mead. For two years previous to this striking home evidence of genius, Mead had been studying in New York with Sculptor Henry K. Brown, a native of Leyden, Mass., but his return home, with his work on the snow image, was probably necessary to thoroughly satisfy his fellow townspeople that Mead was "cut out" for something more than a mercantile man, for such he was before he went to New York to study, having been in the employ, as clerk, of Williston & Tyler, dealers in nails, paint and putty. But while with this firm he gave occasional evidences of artistic taste,

and his young friend, Henry Burnham, who later assisted him by furnishing "raw material" for the snow image, at this time noted that Mead had a taste for sculpture, and says he made a bust of Daniel Webster and the figure of some animal, upon which Burnham called in Mr. Brown, who encouraged the young artist to come to him in New York for study. Here it was that, before returning to Brattleboro, young Larkin assisted Mr. Brown in making the equestrian statue of Washington, for Union Park, New York.

But the fame of Mead's snow and ice work, spreading far and wide, attracted the attention of Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, who wrote at once, inquiring about Mead's character and prospects. He then gave him a



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF DORMAN B. EATON



VIEW FROM GROUNDS OF WOMEN'S RETREAT

commission to execute the statue of "The Recording Angel" in marble and this was followed by a private family order from another party, for the bust of a relative. Mr. Longworth generously ordered the bust "Recording Angel" to be sold for the benefit of the sculptor, he having previously furnished the funds with which Mead should do the work. The statue now stands in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington.

Mr. Mead's next work of note was a statue of Ethan Allen, which he made for the state of Vermont, and which now occupies a position in the national capitol also. He made a colossal figure of bronze, typifying "Vermont," which is in the state house at Montpelier, with another statue of Ethan Allen, and a large marble group, "Columbus Approaching Isabella," all from his hands. His

"America" is on the soldiers' monument at St. Johnsbury. When the civil war broke out Mead went to the front, as an artist for Harper's Weekly and while making a drawing of a rebel fort, for the government, he barely escaped with his life, being within the range of a sharpshooter, who spied him and sent a ball whizzing past his ear.

Mead's ideal work included the initial venture already described, "The Returned Soldier," "Echo," "La Contadinella," "Sappho," "The Thought of Freedom," and a colossal statue in marble of the Mississippi river represented as a demi-god. Probably the most

important work of his life was his statue of Abraham Lincoln, at Springfield, Illinois.

Larkin Goldsmith Mead was a native of Chesterfield, N. H., where he was born in 1835, and which he left to engage as a clerk in Brattleboro,

already stated. After some of the experience and work previously described he realized his cherished ambition of going abroad and studying in Italy, finding time for a sojourn in Venice, where he wooed and won a fair daughter of that favored and picturesque country. He returned to America about

the year 1866, bringing fruits of his foreign labor, which he exhibited in New York.

He is now living in Florence, Italy.

CHARLES F. WARNER.



THE MAIN BUILDING



THE LAST LOAD

Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forests smile;
And every sense and every heart is joy.

THE NEWSPAPERS

The support which is given to the newspapers is a significant test of the intelligence and enterprise of a town. Judged by this test Brattleboro is not found wanting. From the starting of the Federal Galaxy in 1797, to the present day the press has received appreciative and liberal support.

It was in the original plan of this book to give extended historical treatment to the newspapers and other publications; but as those best qualified to write on the subject begged to be excused, it was reluctantly abandoned. It should however be said that from the columns of both the *Phænix* and the *Reformer*, the present able and progressive papers of the town, many valuable suggestions have been received in the preparation of this work.

The editors are always alert to discover and to reproduce, in addition to able original matter, articles of interest from other sources relating to former residents and to the interests of the town, both past and present. We are indebted to the *Phænix* for the plan of Fort Dummer, which appears on the tenth page.

THE WATER SUPPLY

Brattleboro is highly favored in this respect. Springs of great purity abound, and provision has been made for an



ON THE CHESTERFIELD ROAD

abundant and an uncontaminated supply even in dry season.

For several years quite a number of families have been supplied by six or eight small companies which control springs which are brought into different reservoirs. The supply, however, is very limited, especially in summer, and is for domestic use almost exclusively.

The dependence of the town is on the Chestnut Hill Reservoir Co., of which George E. Crowell is the president. The reservoir in Highland Park, which has a capacity of 8,000,000 gallons, is supplied ordinarily exclusively from springs. An analysis of these springs shows *very* pure water. They lie in different directions from the reservoir,

and the supply is thought to be adequate for a large growth of population.

To provide however for exceptionally dry seasons a pumping station has been established in the northern part of the town with a daily capacity of 500,000 gallons, which supplies water from West river. The hydrants, having a pressure of from sixty to ninety pounds, are entirely supplied by this company; and most of the water for domestic use comes from this source.

The citizens are contented to be without public water works, as the town is so well supplied by private enterprise. Pure water is almost as necessary to the prosperity of a community as clean morals. Brattleboro happily has both.



COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL INTERESTS OF BRATTLEBORO

ESTEY ORGAN COMPANY

The beginnings of the ESTEY ORGAN were laid nearly fifty years ago in Brattleboro, Vt.

Concurrent with the growth of the Organ industry has been that of the town itself.

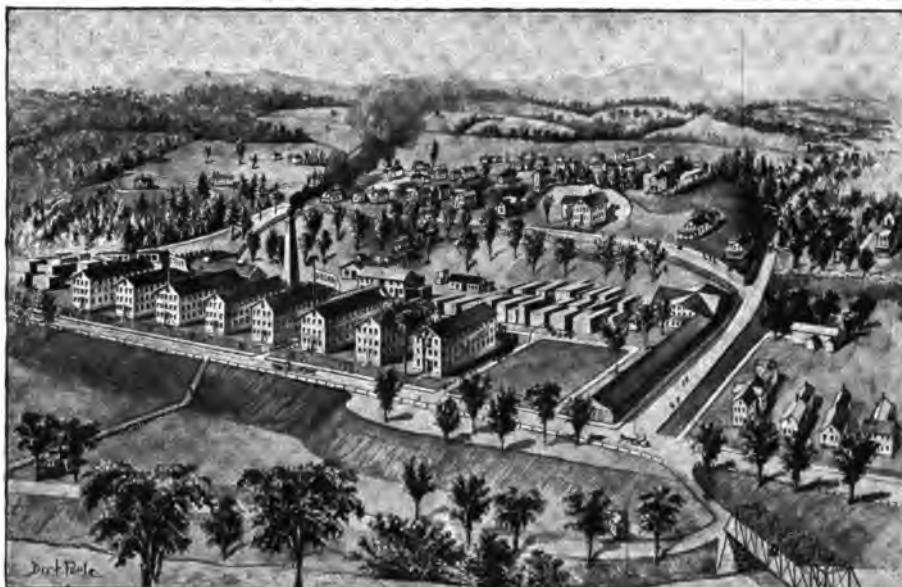
The first organs were manufactured in 1846 in the old or western part of the town in a mill located on the Whetstone Brook.

With the advent of the railroad, however, the

stream on which it had always been situated.

The eight large factories seen in the foreground are supplemented by an even greater number in the rear, and the facilities for producing the highest grade of reed instruments are most comprehensive and satisfactory. Pioneers in this industry, it has always been the rule of the manufacturers to lead.

Never, perhaps, was it truer, in every way, than to-day that the "Estey Organ leads the



ESTEY ORGAN WORKS—LARGEST IN THE WORLD

trend of the settlement changed and the location of the organ manufacture was changed also to the eastern part of the town bordering on the Connecticut River.

After the usual and unusual vicissitudes of such infant industries the present healthful and sightly location was selected, entirely away from the danger of overflow of the somewhat fitful

World." It would be esteemed a high favor if any and every person interested to know more of this important factor in the development of the music of the world would write for descriptive catalogue to the

ESTEY ORGAN COMPANY,

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

PICTURESQUE

EMERSON AND SON

This store conducted by H. L. Emerson, carries a large and complete stock of Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Stoves and Household decorations, making complete house furnishing a specialty.

In the spring of 1885, S. B. & H. L. Emerson, who had a large furniture business at Milford, N. H., where Mr. Emerson, senior, for over twenty years had been a prosperous manufacturer of furniture, purchased the business of C. L. Brown & Son, Mr. Emerson, junior, taking charge of the business here, while his father looked after their Milford interests.

Their business here grew to such an extent that after two years, the elder Mr. Emerson decided to move here taking an active part in the management until 1893, when owing to other business

interests, he deemed it advisable that the firm be dissolved. H. L. Emerson sold his interest in the Milford business to his brother C. S. Emerson and purchased his father's share in the Brattleboro store.

Occupying the entire block of five floors 56x52 owned by S. B. Emerson, and carrying a stock of goods that probably no other town the size of Brattleboro could support, Mr. Emerson, by business tact, assisted by liberal local trade, and immense outside patronage in Vermont, New Hampshire and Western Massachusetts, has built up a thriving business.



THE EMERSON BLOCK



A WARE-ROOM



THE BROOKS HOUSE

This hotel, erected a few years ago at a cost of \$150,000, is thoroughly modern in every respect and one of the best in New England. The rooms are arranged en suite, parlors, dining rooms, halls and sleeping apartments are spacious and handsomely furnished and the cuisine is unexcelled. For many

years it has been called the "Half-way House" between New York and the White Mountains, and thousands of people stop off to see our beautiful town. Under the management of Mr. Edward Tyler the present proprietor, the house is becoming more popular every season.

THE CARPENTER ORGAN COMPANY

This Company was located in Brattleboro in April, 1884. Indeed it had its beginnings here nearly 50 years ago, as the late E. B. Carpenter, manufacturing superintendent, and up to the time of his death one of the stockholders, was with Riley Burdette and J. L. Jones one of the pioneers of the industry here.

The business is now entirely of Brattleboro ownership by Geo. E. Crowell, the President; C. H. Davenport, the Treasurer; M. Austin, Jr., the Secretary and W. C. Carpenter, the General Manager.

The Company makes nothing but absolutely high grade goods, and its reputation is such the world over.

In England, Germany, Russia, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Australia and South Africa its agents are the leading music houses who handle the Carpenter Organ for their best trade, using other makes to supply the demand for cheaper goods.

The Carpenter Organ won the first and highest award at the Edinburgh Exhibition in 1890, and at the International Cotton Exposition at Atlanta,

Ga. At Chicago in 1893 its award was the finest granted any exhibit of catalogue styles only, or those regularly sold, and not built especially for exhibition.

The points particularly commended by the Judges were: Excellence of Construction, Materials, Design and Finish, Good Tone Quality, Lightness and Ease of Touch. Cases of substantial and attractive Manufacture. A Patented Stop Action, characterized by Facility of Manipulation, Solidity and Simplicity.

The "Carpenter Tone" and the "Carpenter Patent Action" are the two features which have given to the organ its high reputation. "What the works are to a watch, the action is to an organ." This has always been the guiding principle of its manufacture and it was for this reason the sale of the Carpenter organ kept up through the "hard times" of 1893 beyond that of any factory of this country.



THE FACTORY

VERMONT SAVINGS BANK

This institution, chartered Oct. 24, 1846, under the name of the Windham Provident Institution for Savings, was organized Jan. 1, 1847, with the following officers: N. B. Williston, President; Daniel Kellogg, Vice-President; L. G. Mead, Treasurer. The total deposits the first year were \$43,180.50.

The name was changed to Vermont Savings Bank, October 25, 1872.

The present officers are: Frederick Holbrook, President; William S. Newton, Vice-President; N. F. Cabot, Treasurer; C. H. Pratt, Assistant Treasurer.

The Assets, July 1, 1894, were \$3,066,690.75.



THE VERMONT NATIONAL BANK

Capital \$150,000. Surplus and Profits \$275,000. Geo. C. Averill, Cashier. Geo. S. Dowley, President.

This is the oldest discount and deposit bank in Vermont, as well as one of the most successful in New England. Chartered originally as The Bank of Brattleboro in 1821, it continued as a state bank until 1865, when it was converted into the National system, with the title of "The Vermont National Bank of Brattleboro." It recently paid its 126th Dividend, and has been most ably managed during its entire existence of nearly three-fourths of a century.



PICTURESQUE

E. CROSBY & CO.

Wholesale commission dealers in flour and mill-feed, also wholesale and retail dealers in mill-feed, grain, cotton-seed meal, corn meal, salt and hay, commenced business in 1850 under the firm name of Gaines & Crosby, running mills at Centreville, afterward Gaines, Crosby & Co., running mills at R. R.



CROSBY BLOCK

Erected upon the site of the old Brattleboro House which was burned in Nov. 1869. Property purchased by Edward Crosby of Flour & Grain firm of E. Crosby & Co., July 1870. Building completed and occupied April 1, 1871. Mr. Edward Crosby died April 2, 1890.

JORDAN & VAN DOORN—97 MAIN STREET

This firm is composed of Mr. H. T. Jordan formerly of Philadelphia, and Mr. E. H. Van Doorn senior, member of the firm of Van Doorn & Morris. This store is one of the most elegant and finely appointed jewelry and optical establishments to be found anywhere, in the stock of precious stones, staple gold and silver articles, novelties, and optical goods to be found therein, while in the repair and care of fine watches and clocks they are unexcelled.



STORE OF JORDAN & VAN DOORN

Station at Brattleboro until 1860 when the firm name was changed to E. Crosby & Co., mills sold, and business of selling flour throughout New England for western mills commenced; with a gradual increase in business to the present time.

The firm is now shipping into New England from the west flour, grain and feed valued at considerable over a million dollars, per annum, and while located at Brattleboro where they have a large ware-house for storage and transfers, the larger share of their business is shipping carlots direct from western mills to their customers throughout New England.

The present active members of the firm are:
E. C. CROSBY, L. F. ADAMS, C. R. CROSBY.



STORE-HOUSE OF E. CROSBY & CO.



STORE OF VAN DOORN & MORRIS

VAN DOORN & MORRIS—76 MAIN STREET

Dealers in crockery, glass, silver ware, wall paper and window shades, is a firm of many years' standing, having been founded by Moses T. Van Doorn in 1859, who in 1873 associated with him his son E. H. Van Doorn. In 1885, after the decease of the senior partner, it became Van Doorn & Morris by the admission of F. D. Morris to the firm. Their stock is the largest and most varied in the state. Their business relations extend over a wide field and the store is one of the most attractive in Brattleboro.



PEOPLE'S NATIONAL BANK

This Bank was organized in 1875 with Parley Starr as president and W. A. Faulkner, cashier. Mr. Starr was succeeded by Julius J. Estey and Mr. Faulkner by Oscar A. Marshall, who died in May, 1893. W. H. Brackett being his successor. The present Board of Directors consists of Julius J. Estey, O. L. Sherman, T. J. B. Cudworth, S. N. Herrick, S. A. Smith, George E. Greene and W. H. Brackett. The officers are Julius J. Estey, President; O. L. Sherman, Vice-President; W. H. Brackett, Cashier. The capital stock is \$100,000, with a surplus and undivided profits of \$94,000. Since organization, the Bank has paid in dividends \$103,000.

GRIGGS & PERRY



D. L. GRIGGS



G. S. PERRY

Brattleboro receives, and deserves many praises, but perhaps no words better describe it than the title of a certain 48-page book, which contains twenty illustrations of Brattleboro, entitled "The Best Place On Earth." Its publishers, Messers Griggs & Perry, tho' Massachusetts men, fully appreciate the beauties of Vermont. Their office is in Bank Block, (shown above,) and they deal in Real Estate and personal property, buying, selling, exchanging, and handling property anywhere in the U. S.

The firm have carefully avoided all questionable transactions, taking as their motto, "We do an honest business, or none." All letters carefully answered. The book spoken of, and list of real estate for sale, sent on receipt of two cent stamp. Any wishing to know of the reliability of the firm are referred to the Vermont National Bank, Brattleboro.

BRATTLEBORO SAVINGS BANK
(ORGANIZED IN 1871)

Assets December 1st, 1894, \$1,700,000 ; surplus, \$135,000. Officers, B. D. Harris, President; O. D. Estabrook, Vice-President; C. A. Harris, Treasurer; J. C. DeWitt, Assistant Treasurer.

This bank is not excelled by any bank in the state in arrangements for both convenience and safety. It has had a steady growth the result of careful and conservative management. Two years ago it erected fire and burglar proof vaults, and placed therein safety deposit boxes for private use, at moderate rents.



INTERIOR BRATTLEBORO SAVINGS BANK

Clapp & Jones' Book store is the leading one of its kind in Brattleboro. The stock is very large and complete, and embraces Books in Fiction, Poetry, Art, Science and Travel, also Devotional and Juvenile. Blank books, Stationary for commercial, and polite correspondence, Artists' materials and Art goods, Baskets, Toys, etc. Pictures are a prominent part of their retail stock and tasteful framing a specialty. Abundant opportunity is afforded for gratifying the most refined taste for a small outlay. Their wholesale trade reaches throughout Eastern and Southern Vt.



CLAPP AND JONES' BOOK STORE

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' EXCHANGE

This company which deals at wholesale and retail in groceries, provisions and produce, was established in 1877 and incorporated in 1882 with an authorized capital of \$50,000. The new block on Elliot street, a cut of which is here shown, is a substantial evidence of the growing prosperity of the company. It is of brick, three stories high, with a frontage on Elliot street of 74 feet and a depth of 89 feet. The company is well managed and does a fine business. The directors are I. B. Taft, D. P. Cobb, S. B. Emerson of Brattleboro, with M. I. Reed of Vernon, and F. G. Taylor of Guilford. E. W. Harlow has been its only manager except the first six months of its history.



THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' BLOCK



SPRINGFIELD PHOTO-ENGRAVING COMPANY

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

This cut is a sample of half-tone engraving on copper, engraved by the Springfield Photo-engraving Company, 56 Harrison Avenue, Springfield, Mass. Engravings are made from Pen Drawings of Buildings, Portraits, Advertisements, etc., for all Illustrative or Commercial purposes.

The Half-tones used in this book were made by this company.

THE AMERICAN HOUSE, one of the oldest of Brattleboro's hotels, offers attractive and comfortable accommodations at the reasonable rate of \$2.00 per day. Geo. E. Richards, Proprietor.

W. R. GEDDIS, BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER, Main street, carries a full line of staple goods, also paper hangings, window shades, picture frames, etc., all at reasonable prices.

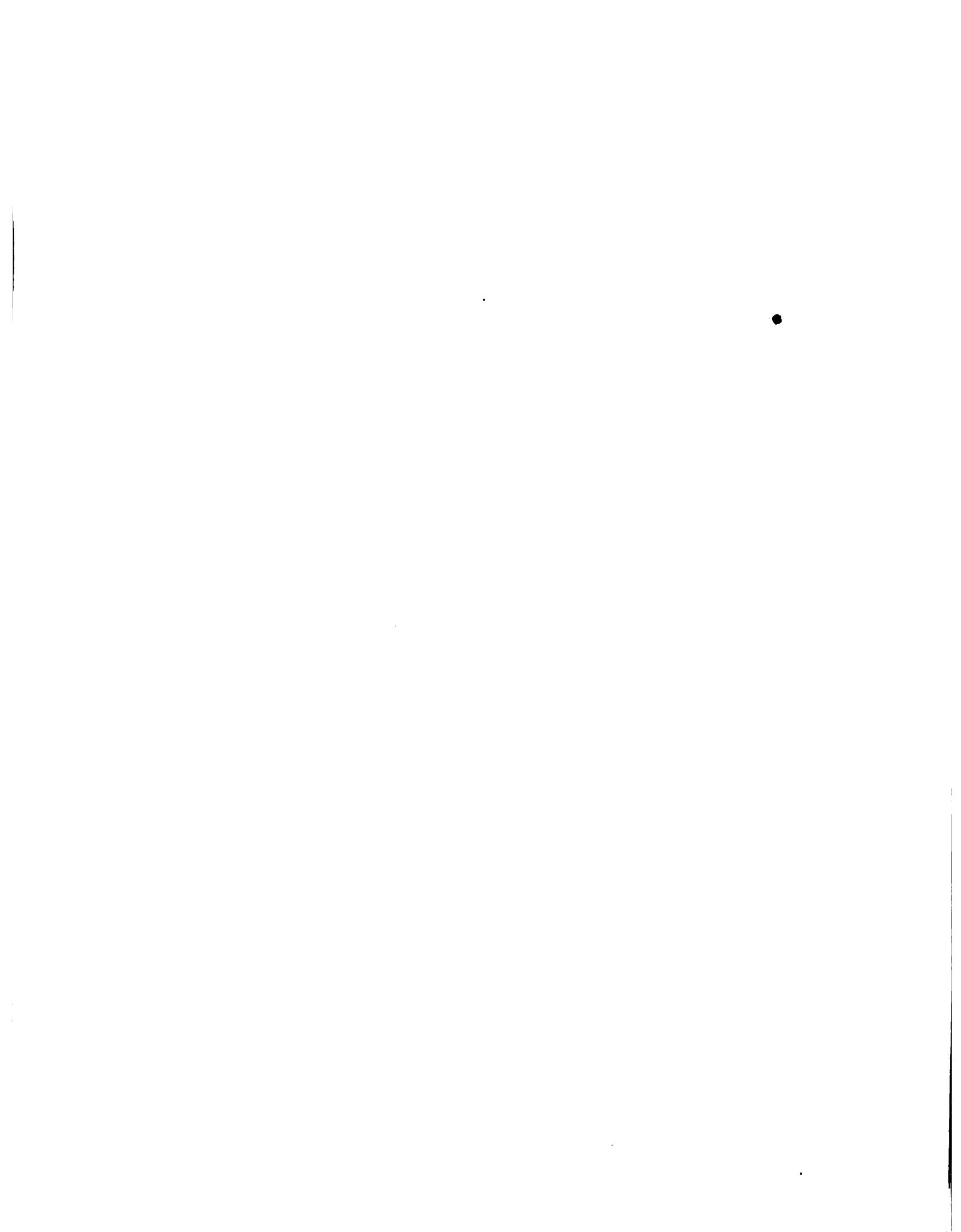
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